

SCREENLAND

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—RAY MILLAND
Love Scene in Color

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by Margaret E. Sangster

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Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

all eyes admire
a radiant smile!



**Give your smile appealing charm
with the help of Ipana and Massage!**

SET YOUR HOPES HIGH, Plain Girl! What if you aren't tops in beauty? The most popular girls aren't always the prettiest. Look at your own little clique—at the girls who hold men's eyes and steal their hearts *with a smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a shy and self-effacing smile—but a radiant smile that reaches out and draws the

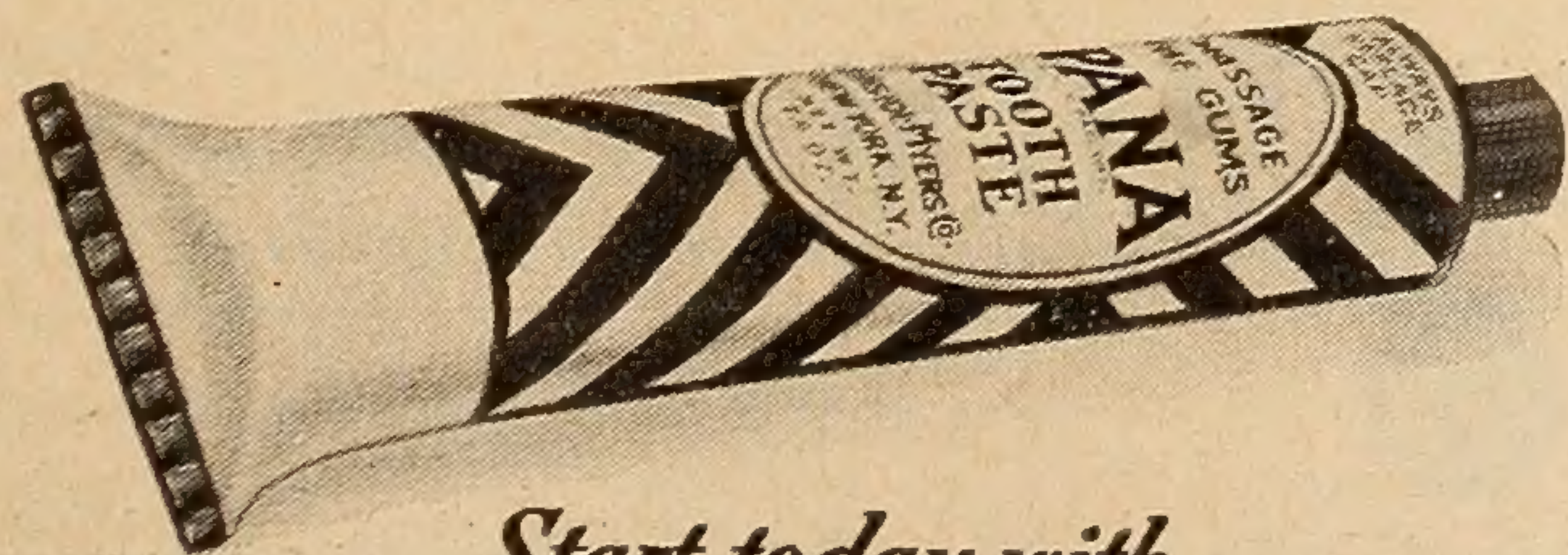
whole world to you in admiration. Remember, though, for such a smile you need sparkling teeth—sound teeth that depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of natural exercise by modern, soft foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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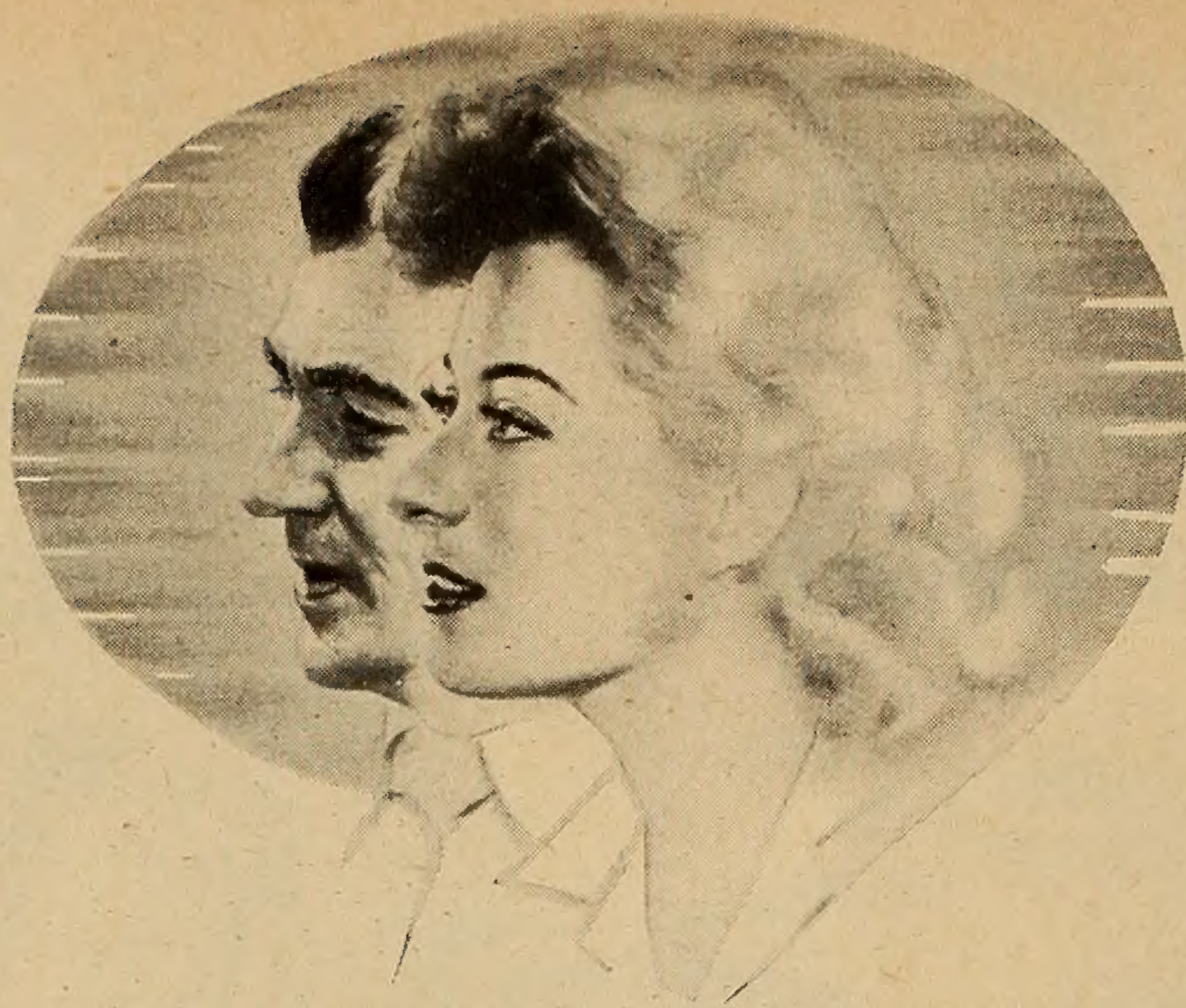
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IPANA and MASSAGE

SCREENLAND



A Winner—fun and romance follow the girl with a radiant smile. Help brighten your smile with Ipana and massage!



Mr. and Mrs. Miniver together again!

GREER GARSON

WALTER PIDGEON

give their best performance in their best picture

MADAME CURIE

Directed by MERVYN LeROY Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Presented by M.G.M.



With a brilliant supporting cast, Henry Travers, Robert Walker, Dame May Whitty, Elsa Basserman, Van Johnson, Albert Basserman, C. Aubrey Smith, Victor Francen, Reginald Owen, Margaret O'Brien • Screen Play by Paul Osborn and Paul H. Rameau. Based on the book, "Madame Curie" by Eve Curie. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

SCREENLAND

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February, 1944

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in
this space
every month

The greatest
star of the
screen!

We're talking about "Madame Curie", one of the finer efforts in the annals of motion picture progress.

★ ★ ★ ★

This adventurous romance of the woman whose love and devotion endowed us with the magic of radium is in for a run at the famed Radio City Music Hall.

★ ★ ★ ★

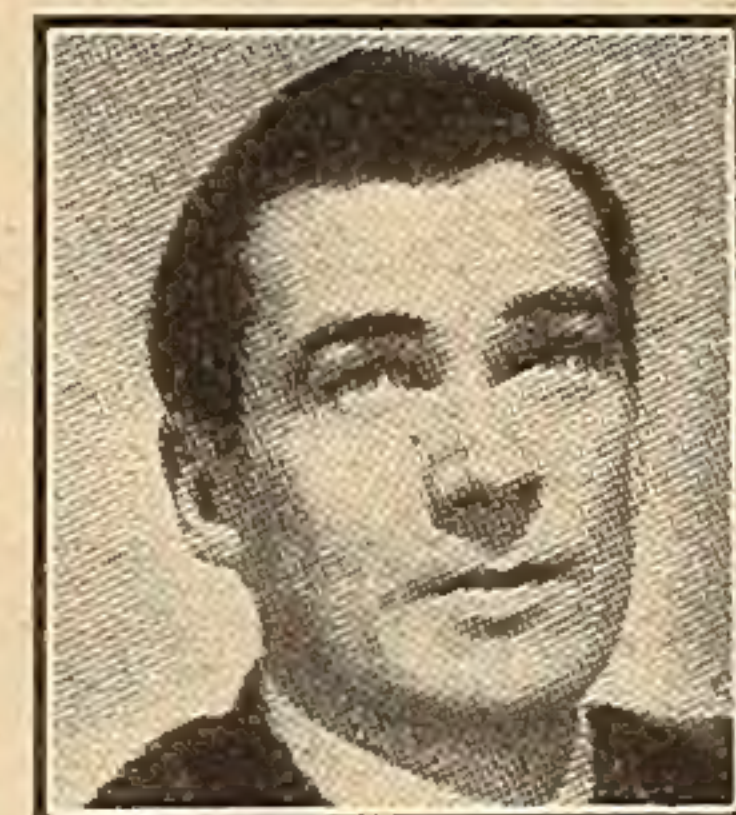
Our office wag wishes to edit this copy to read "Radium" City Music Hall.

★ ★ ★ ★

As a matter of fact Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—your favorite film company we take it—has a few pictures in the bag which are really going to cause ohs and ahs, pull in the awards, and all that sort of thing.

★ ★ ★ ★

"A Guy Named Joe", "The White Cliffs", "Madame Curie". Three worthy



successors to "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest".

★ ★ ★ ★

As a matter of course, Greer Garson is "Madame Curie". Greer and Walter Pidgeon are the stars.

★ ★ ★ ★

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy and produced by Sidney Franklin, the "Random Harvest" duo, "Madame Curie" can be described in a word of one syllable—great.

★ ★ ★ ★

Its cast, typical of M-G-M, includes ten names additional to Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon—names that could grace any theatre marquee and mean something.

★ ★ ★ ★

They are Henry Travers, Albert Basserman, Robert Walker, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty, Victor Francen, Elsa Basserman, Reginald Owen, Van Johnson and Margaret O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

Incidentally the mention of Margaret O'Brien makes us think of another fine M-G-M film "The Lost Angel" which you must not miss.



★ ★ ★ ★

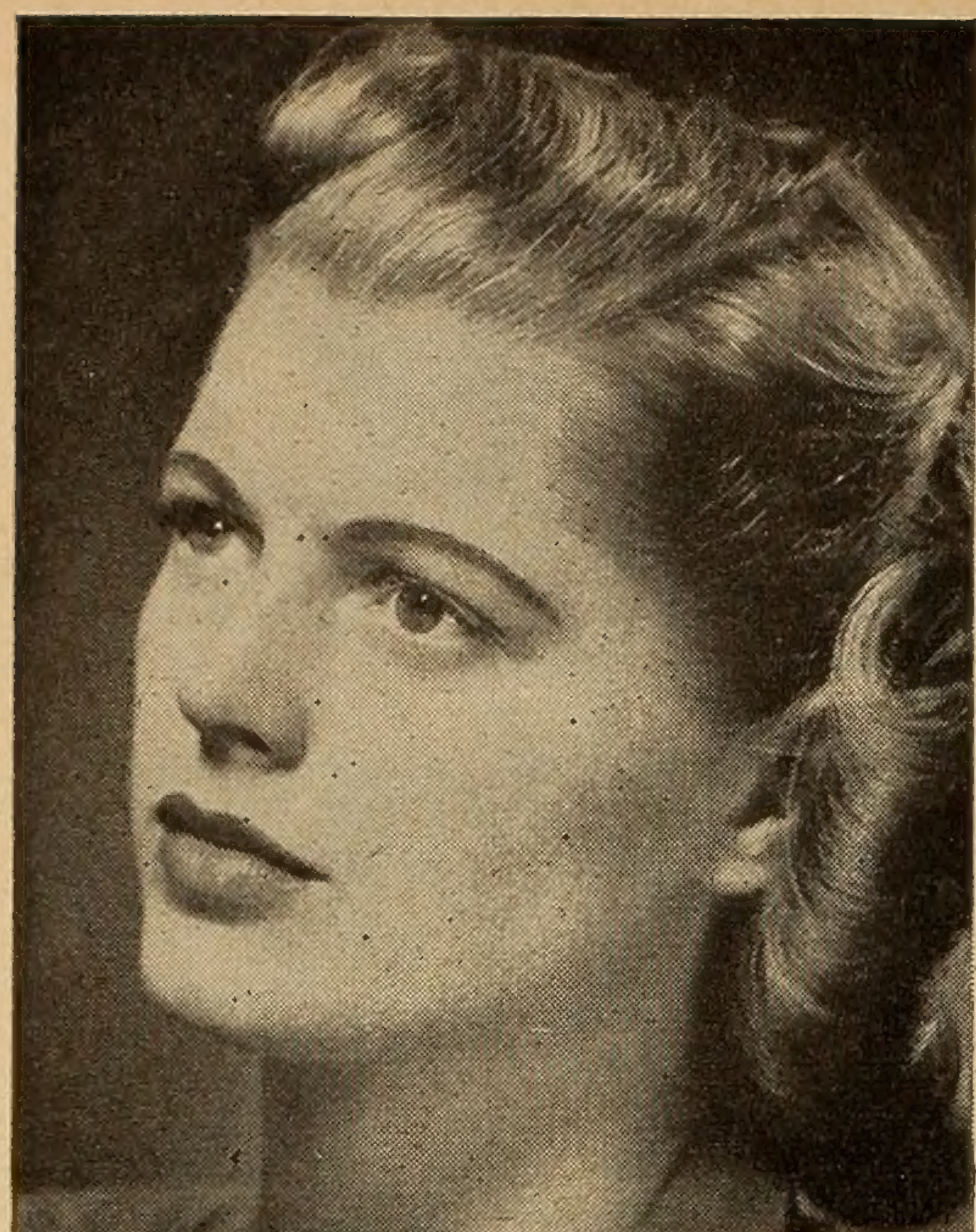
But first comes "Madame Curie" with our favorite screen couple in a screen play by Paul Osborn and Paul H. Rameau based on the book by Eve Curie.

★ ★ ★ ★

Produced with love and attention to detail, with settings that are superbly artistic, a camera that understands, and a story that will keep you enthralled, "Madame Curie" is a real event in the theatre.



It is an event that you must usher in.—Lea



Are You a Young Wife Who Still Wonders? LEARN TRUE FACTS ABOUT THIS INTIMATE PROBLEM!

**New, More Convenient
Feminine Hygiene Way Gives
Continuous Action for Hours!**

● Doctors know that even today the majority of women still know little or nothing about certain physical facts. Too many who think they know have only half knowledge. And they do not realize how seriously their happiness and health are threatened by lack of up-to-date information.

That is why you ought to know about Zonitors—and to have all the facts about their unique advantages for vaginal germicidal care. (See free book offer below.)

Zonitors are dainty, non-greasy suppositories, scientifically prepared for vaginal hygiene. So convenient and easy to use. The quickest, easiest, daintiest way of using a vaginal germicide. No cumbersome apparatus, nothing to mix, no unpleasant greasiness to spoil your daintiness.

Powerful, but safe for delicate tissues, Zonitors spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly on contact. Deodorize by actually destroying odor, instead of temporarily masking it. They give continuous action for hours. All druggists have Zonitors.

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Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of up-to-date facts. Sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7232, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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CONVENIENT



Your GUIDE to CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY

Delight Evans

CRY HAVOC—M-G-M

Nurses fight a losing battle with death on the expendable post at Bataan. Bordering on the melodramatic are the performances of Margaret Sullavan, as the Army nurse suffering from malignant malaria, and the nine girls who volunteer their services, including Ann Sothorn, Joan Blondell, Ella Raines, Frances Gifford, Diana Lewis, Heather Angel, and Dorothy Morris. There's a romance between Margaret Sullavan and Lieutenant Holt, who is never seen in this all-femme cast. Dorothy Morris' strong scene in which she goes mentally berserk is capably handled. Joan Blondell's pseudo strip-tease during a highly tense moment is well done. A stronger plot and less dialogue would have made this a great picture, but nevertheless it is a worthy account of brave and courageous women in the war.



JACK LONDON—United Artists

There's no hint in the opening sequence that this picture carries a prophecy of war with Japan. What would the world be today if we had listened to Jack London on his return from reporting the Russo-Japanese War? We wonder! Based on Charmian London's book about her husband, the film is a good study of the man, his ideals and courage, his career and lusty adventures. Michael O'Shea gives a sincere performance in the title rôle, a welcome change from his screen debut in "Lady of Burlesque." Touching his life at long intervals is his romance with Charmian Kirtledge who patterns her life after one of his heroines, understanding his crusading spirit. Susan Hayward plays this rôle charmingly. Osa Massen, Virginia Mayo, Regis Toomey, Ralph Morgan, are fine in brief parts.



THE CROSS OF LORRAINE—M-G-M

Brutality—the subtle cruelty of denying food to prisoners in a concentration camp to the more gruesome tortures of sudden kicks by clumsy Nazi boots—is carried out with a heavy hand in this picture. The story concerns a group of French soldiers who are interned after the Franco-German armistice. Jean Pierre Aumont, as a former lawyer who keeps men's hopes alive, gives a splendid performance. Gene Kelly, subjected to extreme tortures of solitary confinement, plays his rôle with fine restraint. Hume Cronyn, as a traitor, is so sincere that you will hate him as much as you hate the Nazi Lieut. (Peter Lorre). Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Joseph Calleia and Richard Whorf give equally good performances. If you are inclined to shirk your war work, this picture will send you full speed ahead.



GOVERNMENT GIRL—RKO-Radio

This is another one of those comedies about life in wartime Washington. It tells of the experiences of a secretary in the War Construction Board and a young industrial genius brought to the capital to speed up production of bomber planes. He steps up production and exceeds his quota, but also steps on somebody's toes when he cuts through red tape and is hailed before a Senate investigating committee. Sonny Tufts, the new screen sensation who made a hit in "So Proudly We Hail," does a nice job as the shy wonder boy, and, although she overplays it a bit, we enjoyed Olivia de Havilland's performance as the secretary who shows him the ropes and testifies for him before they realize it's love. It's light, it's bright, it's entertaining, and it's fun. Cast also has Anne Shirley and James Dunn.

(More Reviews on Page 8)



"Give us that
Big smile



You'll grin out loud when
Claudette spills the secrets of
a candid camera career girl!



She says she's too
busy for romance
that's dizzy... but

When this immovable force
meets this irresistible body

And she
flashes her
bulbs at
Whataman
Mac Murray...



Claudette Colbert
Fred MacMurray in

"NO

TIME FOR LOVE"

it's pash in a flash. So she
makes him an assistant
Who really loves
his assignments



And the things
that develop in
her darkroom



And under the bed of the
East River—make this the
first hilarious roar of 1944

—Melisse

It's
Paramount
Again!

with
Ilka Chase Richard Haydn
A MITCHELL
LEISEN
PRODUCTION
Directed by
MITCHELL LEISEN
Screen Play by Claude Binyon
Adaptation by Warren Duff

"And a Big P.S. —Have you seen 'Riding High'? And watch for 'Lady In The Dark' and 'The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek'!"

It's always August underneath your arms!



Warm clothes make you more likely to offend! Prevent underarm odor with MUM every day!

Sure is cold outdoors!

You're all bundled up in warm woolen clothes. You scurry indoors quick as you can—for still more warmth. *And your chances of offending with underarm odor are even greater than in the summertime!*

Because even if you don't see or feel any moisture, odor can form. And it will c-l-i-n-g to your warm winter clothes. And it may turn you into the girl you swore

you'd never be—the girl who offends!

So don't take chances! Your daily bath washes away *past* perspiration. Follow it up—quickly—with Mum, to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come*. And then you're sure. Safe. Fresh and dainty.

Try Mum. Depend on Mum. One quick minute after your bath . . . before your evening dates . . . and you're safe for hours to come.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—*Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable for this important purpose. Try Mum this way, too—avoid embarrassment.*



Start the day right. First your morning bath to wash away *past* perspiration. Then MUM . . . to prevent *future* underarm odor. Takes only 30 seconds to smooth it on!



Woolens are wonderful . . . but they trap odor! So don't take chances with *your* job! Stay dainty with Mum. Use Mum any time . . . even after you're dressed!



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



In his arms . . . you'll be safe and serene. Even after hours of dancing, Mum prevents underarm odor. So give yourself some real peace of mind. Try Mum. You'll like it.



THE DESERT SONG—Warners

Dennis Morgan fans will sigh, if not swoon outright, when they see the handsome fellow cavorting in the dual rôle of American café singer in Morocco and masked leader of the Riffs. It's fortunate that Morgan's fine voice and rugged physique dominate most of the action, that the songs are as tuneful as ever, and the color photography magnificent. For the scripters have had to contend with political problems, and as a result, this version of "The Desert Song" fails to come off as a romantic musical entertainment. Irene Manning, as a French charmer, is lovely to look at and listen to, but somewhat too aloof and dignified for the rôle. Faye Emerson is far more impressive in a small part. Watch this beauty!



HIS BUTLER'S SISTER—Universal

Another Cinderella story for Deanna Durbin, expressly designed for her huge following. As the kid sister of Pat O'Brien, lazy butler lording it over a New York composer's handsome penthouse, Deanna poses as a maid in order to attract the boss' attention to her really lovely voice. Pat's comical confusion as pretty sis disrupts his luxurious routine and gradually subjugates the household is fun to watch, and when you add Akim Tamiroff and Alan Mowbray as rival butlers out to impress the new maid, you have hilarious comedy, played to the hilt. The climax comes at the butlers' ball, one of Manhattan's pre-war social events, with Deanna's voice and charm captivating the composer, amiably played by Franchot Tone.



WOMEN IN BONDAGE—Monogram

The facts brought out in this picture won't be new to you if you have read your newspapers and magazine articles of Nazi treatment of women. But the story will impress them deeper in your mind. Gail Patrick brings a humanness to her rôle as the officer's wife who returns to Germany to find the new order in full swing. Sharply contrasted to this character is the militant *Frau Director* which Gertrude Michael plays. Nancy Kelly does well as the girl who is not permitted to marry the man she loves because of faulty eyesight. Anne Nagel and Tala Birell play menacing Nazis. It will never happen here. This picture shows how lucky we are.

MOVIE GOSSIP

AT LONG last, Fred MacMurray and Paramount are parting company. He has signed a new deal with 20th. The rumored salary figure is colossal—to put it mildly. Fred has certainly done well for himself. From a saxophone player in a band, and not a very good one, to rating as one of the richest actors in Hollywood today.

TO PUT it mildly, Mrs. Temple wasn't very pleased over that "has been" title applied to Shirley in a national magazine. Though it may not be true, Shirley Temple looks as if she hasn't grown any since last year. She seems unusually small for her age. Certainly she is unusually beautiful and charming.

IT'S A NEW contract, a new salary, and a new dressing room for Margo at RKO. Her work in "Behind The Rising Sun" is the reason. Incidentally, every letter that Eddie Albert sends back to Hollywood, Margo receives. He's somewhere overseas.

PERSONAL to Katina Paxinou: Bette Davis would like to meet you. She thinks you have one of the most interesting faces and are one of the best actresses in Hollywood today. We thought you'd like to know.

MARLENE DIETRICH in the make-up chair is a little experience M-G-M won't be forgetting in a hurry. Every morning the star had to have a complete body makeup job, for that dance she does in "Kismet." Outside of a few stray bits of gauze here and there, and some miscellaneous gold chains, the rest of the costume consisted mostly of Dietrich in the flesh.



Helene Reynolds and Lady Hardwicke give generously their services and clothing to Greek War Relief. Junior Chairman Daphne Skouras (center) is all smiles while she lists items. A sweater worth \$5.00 or less costs 12,000 "drachmas," \$80.00 in English money, in Nazi-occupied Greece. At that rate, who wouldn't be willing to give? Not me, nor, we dare say, YOU.

...again it's **WARNER BROS!**

CARY GRANT

His assignment is the answer to a submariner's prayer!

JOHN GARFIELD

He knows how to tell a Jap—with torpedoes and TNT!



Here's the story-behind-the-story of the bombers that plastered and blasted Tojo's home town!

DESTINATION Tokyo

They've got sweethearts in every port - and girls, you'll be among 'em!



DANE

CLARK



ROBERT

HUTTON



WARNER

ANDERSON

ALAN HALE · JOHN RIDGELY · WILLIAM PRINCE

Directed by
DELMER DAVES
Produced by
JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Delmer Daves and Albert Maltz • From an Original Story by Steve Fisher • Music by Franz Waxman

SCREENLAND

A few eye-catching scenes
from the most exciting musical
of 1944!

*Rita
Hayworth
at her
loveliest*



*Rita Hayworth
Gene Kelly
in
COVER GIRL
in Technicolor*

Music by JEROME KERN
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

with
LEE BOWMAN · PHIL SILVERS · JINX FALKENBURG
and

THE COVER GIRLS

15 OF AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp - Produced by Arthur Schwartz
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Fans' Forum



FIRST PRIZE WINNER

\$10.00

I never realized the true worth and value of musical pictures until I was confined to the station hospital here at camp. Up to that time, I must admit, I could see little value in any such celluloid offerings. I had always sought out the mystery type picture or the frothy little Noel Coward domestic drama.

Since spending some weeks in the dreariness of the hospital, however, I have become truly appreciative of musicals. The Red Cross has provided many of these, lately, for the benefit of patients. The tuneful melodies, gay dances and pretty girls certainly make for light moments and a more cheerful morale not only for myself, but for others in the same circumstances.

So I say, a salute to the producers of musicals and let's have lots more of them!

PVT. MAX HABER, Camp Hood, Tex.

SECOND PRIZE WINNER

\$5.00

It's the little things that count! A great many war films that are supposed to depict army life and training are dismal failures in the minds of the soldier audience, simply because directors have not been paying enough attention to small technicalities. I have heard an audience of service men break into roars of laughter in the middle of a dramatic scene because the hero gave a command in an unmilitary-like manner.

Perhaps Hollywood technicians do not know, or are not interested enough in accurate portrayal to find out, that: an enlisted man does not address an officer in the first person, but always uses the third, as "If the Lieutenant remembers . . ."; buck privates do not crash officers' dances; all soldiers are not jitterbugs, ready to break into a few steps of the New Yorker at the slightest provocation; the battlefield is not always a circus ring of blood-and-thunder action—there are maddening hours of eternal waiting; all top sergeants are not bull-necked, loud-voiced idiots who delight in torturing dazed rookies; soldiers do not get into battle royals with sailors and marines, in fact, I have seen a lot of them who are very good friends.

With close attention paid to these all-important details, war pictures will again become realistic and entertaining to the huge soldier audience of America!

CPL. DARRELL ROBERTS,
Camp Santa Anita, Calif.

Say What You Think!

That is the American way of life. May it never be "Think What You Say!" as it is in countries suffering under the heel of the aggressor. Fans' Forum welcomes you to write what you think about stars and movies. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00 and five \$1.00 prizes, all payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date, 25th of each month.

Please address letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

\$1.00 Each

I was really thrilled recently when I saw the picture, "Johnny Come Lately," starring James Cagney and introducing Grace George. What a pleasant surprise was Grace George—and how she did steal the show! Her portrayal of the aging lady of the "gay nineties" was a joy to behold. I sat enthralled by her acting and was really disappointed when the picture ended. Such delicacy, charm and pathos is rarely seen. With Grace George, it just seems natural. Cagney didn't do so badly, himself, as Johnny Come Lately.

Give us more and more of Marjorie Main in evening clothes and feathers. That one delicate kick of her train was worth the price of admission.

Character actors like this remarkable woman, Lionel Barrymore in his inimitable rôles, sour-puss Ned Sparks, Victor Moore's funny drawl, H. B. Warner's superb portrayal of the Lama in "The Lost Horizon" will live on forever. It is good, indeed, to see some of the honors going to those of older vintage—like wine, you know.

Give us more of these fine actors!

JOSEPHENE KAMPS, Froid, Mont.

The MERRIEST Man-Hunt in **KISS** TORY!



SHE CHASED HIM CLEAR ACROSS HIS MAP...

*They're Head
over Heels*

*in
Laughs!*

The Comedy Sensations
of "My Sister Eileen"
together again

and funnier
than ever!

Rosalind
RUSSELL

Brian
AHERNE

IRVING CUMMINGS'

What a Woman!

with **WILLARD PARKER**

What a "Find"!...Sensation of the Year!

SCREEN PLAY BY THERESE LEWIS AND BARRY TRIVERS...A COLUMBIA PICTURE

SCREENLAND

She's the Darling of the Critics

in a sweetheart of a picture. You'll be raving with the reviewers who are saying "light and frothy...happy entertainment." (Film & Radio Discussion Guide) "Suspense, heart-throbs and laughs. Mary Lee is climbing the ladder to stardom." (Charm)

MARY LEE
America's Little Sister in
NOBODY'S DARLING
with **LOUIS CALHERN**
GLADYS GEORGE
Jackie Moran • Lee Patrick • Bennie Bartlett • Marcia Mae Jones
Blow, Gabriel, Blow!
I'm Always Chasing Rainbows—It Had To Be You—and more!
a republic picture

I've always thought of a comedian as someone to make you laugh. Now I think of him as a human being. This thought came to me while I was listening to the Abbott and Costello program tonight, November 4. I thought they were at their best, and laughed my head off, until—at the end of the broadcast Mr. Abbott announced the death of Lou Costello's child who was to be a year old very soon. Lou Costello had received the news just before the broadcast.

No words can express how I felt. Tonight he had brought joy into my heart, while his was breaking with grief. He proved two things. First, he is a fine showman, and second, how human he is, something we forget too often about the comedian to whom we owe so much.

I wish there was some way we could thank Lou Costello. Perhaps the best we can do is to tell him how much that gesture meant to all of us, and how it has endeared him in the American public's hearts. God bless you, Lou Costello.

ADELE HOYT, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

To me Alice Faye is tops! Not only does she have a voice, but beauty also. When she sings, it's out of this world. You can have your Sinatras and Dinah Shores. I'll take Alice Faye any day. She really puts her heart and soul into a song. I have been reading in current movie magazines that she might quit the movies. If she does, she will break my heart, for I have been a fan of hers ever since her first picture. That has been a long time now. I know others will miss her too. So please, Alice, stay with the movies.

ANNE BESULMAN, McKees Rocks, Pa.

Open Letter to Frank Sinatra

Not very many people noticed you when you sang with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, but some did and, like myself, knew that someday you would be a great singing sensation. Then, all of a sudden overnight you rose to stardom and became the idol of millions.

You ask reporters please not to compare you with Crosby. Well, how could they, anyway? Sure, Crosby is still great, but his style is different from yours. In fact, so different that it's like comparing earth to water.

People and magazines everywhere are now asking, "What will Hollywood do to Frank Sinatra? Will it ruin him?" Of course, Hollywood won't kill your career. After your picture "Higher And Higher" (and that's just what you're doing, climbing higher and higher!) comes out, you'll be twice as much in demand. All the people who now can't decide whether they like you or not, will definitely have it clear in their minds just how wonderful you are.

Many psychiatrists are asking the question: "Why do women go into hysterics over Sinatra?" Well, if someone asked me the question, I'd say, "The main thing is his voice. Frank Sinatra has his own style which just 'sends you!'" The way he lets his voice drop dreamily at the end of his song. The other reasons are his personality and his looks. They just go with his voice, somehow.

Please keep up the good work which you have so successfully started. For many people who feel blue and unhappy, you are the person who brings cheer and happiness to them. We're all rooting for you!

MARJORY COLT, Dalton, Mass.

Give me strength! I've had just about all I can stand. I just saw "Mr. Big" and I'm boiling. Now don't get me wrong. I thought it was a lot of fun, strictly in the groove and the kind of a picture America needs today. But what have they done to Gloria Jean? Her clothes! Her hair! Her personality! Instead of being a teen-aged kid she looks and acts old enough to be Methuselah's mother. Her dresses look as though they were meant for *Jane Eyre* and her hair-do must date back to the Victorian Era. In every picture I've seen, she's been the same colorless character, absolutely without initiative or personality. If it weren't for her wonderful voice, one would forget she was in the picture after leaving the theater.

Listen, Hollywood! She's got loads of looks, charm and appealing personality, but you've hidden it all under that superficial mask of "Hollywood ingenuity." Wake up! Dress her like every teen-aged girl in America dresses. Give her a big, sloppy sweater, a luscious pleated skirt and a pair of dirty saddle shoes. Cut off those flowing tresses and give her a soft, fluffy feather bob. Kill that shrinking violet personality and let her give out with pep and charm. Then, Hollywood, stand back and watch the change. She'd be an inspiration! Over night she'd be the American high school boys' heart throb and the sweetheart of Mr. and Mrs. America.

Wake up, Hollywood! The kid's a gold mine!

CHARLOTTE BISKNER, Green Bay, Wisc.

HONORABLE MENTION

For an all-time new-high in comedy, I suggest teaming the bombastic, beauteous Betty Hutton with the hilarious, happy-go-lucky Joan Davis. With the males chasing Betty, and Joan chasing the males, the side-splitting possibilities for such a picture are innumerable. For some time now, while watching the luscious Betty Hutton on the screen, I unconsciously think of Joan Davis, and vice versa. I only wish I were capable of putting into print the screamingly funny scenes that race across my mind whenever I think of those two darlings of comedy. They both have a naturalness, ease and grace that is utterly lacking in most comedienettes. They could easily be the first female "Abbott and Costello." And to complete this mad scramble we might add a dash of Charlie Ruggles, a master in the art of subtle silliness. The result would be nothing less than terrific.

I wonder if this idea of mine will ever see celluloid?

SHIRLEY LANGE, Toledo, O.

A word with Humphrey Bogart, please.

In "Action In The North Atlantic" you were grand, as usual, Bogie. But as a practicing dentist I found myself puzzled and intrigued by that toothache you had. First it was on the right side of your jaw. Then, in another scene, it had switched to the left. You should make up your mind, or you will have the wrong molar pulled! Here's a professional tip. When in doubt about the offending tusk, just rap it with any small steel instrument. The tooth that jumps like a bucking bronco is it.

You're welcome—don't mention it!

D. W. DAVIES, Vancouver, Can.

Because Freedom isn't rationed, the price is high; but in all the world there's no better buy. Invest in War Bonds!

OUR No. 1 HEALTH PROBLEM

THE COMMON COLD

More than one great physician calls the Common Cold our biggest health problem. It affects 95% of our population, with children under 10 the most frequent victims; occurs about 250 million times a year, costs the country roughly 300 million dollars annually; and causes more absenteeism in war industry than all other things combined.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

TRUSTWORTHY. RELIABLE. SAFE FOR MORE THAN 60 YEARS

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in some size.

Above is *Streptococcus Viridans*, one of the many threatening Secondary Invaders that can exist on mouth and throat surfaces. Others are *Pneumococcus Type 1*, *Pneumococcus Type 3*, *Streptococcus Hemolyticus*, *Friedlander's Bacillus*, *Streptococcus Pyogenes*, *Bacillus Influenzae*, *Micrococcus Catarrhalis* and *Staphylococcus*.

WHAT do we know of this recurrent infection that dogs us from childhood through old age, exacting staggering tolls in money, health and time? Not a great deal... but more than we used to.

Late research has led many of the foremost medical men to concede the following theories about it:

1. That some kind of virus, unseen, probably starts many colds.
2. That anything that lowers body resistance such as drafts, wet or cold feet, sudden temperature change, fatigue, encourages the condition to develop.
3. That a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, known as the Secondary Invaders, can take advantage of a below-par condition and stage a "mass invasion" of the mucous membrane to produce many of a cold's complications and much of its misery.

Our own research results seem to indicate that the repeated use of Listerine Antiseptic, by killing huge numbers of these secondary invaders, helps nature to halt many a "mass invasion" and the resultant misery of the infection.

Significant Test Results

Over and over again test data has confirmed the ability of Listerine Antiseptic to accomplish bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a gargle; up to 80% one hour after.

Even more impressive is the data resulting from clinical tests conducted over a period of twelve years. In these tests those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. We believe this was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to kill millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

We would be the last to suggest that Listerine Antiseptic is a "specific" against cold infections. In view of its performance over such a long period, however, we do feel that it is a worthy first-aid.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Why waste your dimes?
Keep up with the times!



*MEDS are safe
and comfortable
—and only 19¢*

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Enjoy the modern freedom of internal sanitary protection at Meds' thrifty price—a month's supply for only 19¢!

- Meds are made of fine super-absorbent COTTON.
- Meds' dainty applicators make them EASY-to-USE.
- Meds satisfy INDIVIDUAL needs.
- Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more*, so much *faster*—up to three times its own weight in moisture—assuring you greater comfort, greater protection.

"Next time," why not try Meds?



HOT

Susan Peters, in white satin and tulle, is the pretty new bride of Seaman Richard Quine, formerly of Hollywood, now serving with the United States Coast Guard.



from
HOLLYWOOD



Best of friends and worst of enemies, Jack Benny and Fred Allen brush up their gags before Command Performance Christmas show.

WITH "The Song Of Bernadette" yet to be released, you can imagine the studio's anguish when Jennifer Jones announced her separation from Robert Walker. Wonder if Jennifer's mother's quiet visit to Hollywood was an attempt to effect a reconciliation? To date there has been no mention of a divorce.

HOLLYWOOD and Elyse Knox may not be seeing John Payne for some time to come. Now that he's completing his flying training, John hopes to be a pilot with the Air Transport Command. What's more, he's eager to get going.

BOB YOUNG is beginning to feel awfully uneasy in the presence of Eddie Cantor. Bob's wife just presented him with a third daughter and nary a son in sight. Optimist that he is, says Bob philosophically: "Oh well, better luck next time."

MICKEY ROONEY sounded like a seal in a fish cannery, when his mother gave him a new ring. It features his initials in diamonds and rubies. Is Mickey proud!

WHAT has happened to Charles Boyer? Though his studio denies it vigorously, a co-worker on the "Gaslight" set says he is "difficult." According to our informant (who has been doing scenes with him) Charles has barred all visitors from the set—with no exceptions. He won't give out interviews to the press and when he isn't before the camera, he shuts himself away from the rest of the company in his dressing room. Maybe it's war nerves. For a long time the famous Frenchman has brooded over the plight of his beloved France.

Riveting

or...

Romancing



she's
America's newest,
truest Heroine...

THE "CHIN UP" GIRL!

Here is a memorable drama of today's unbeatable brand of courage and love! The brave and human and truly great story of the FURLOUGH WIVES and sweethearts who wait and wish... and work for the men who live in their hearts!

GINGER ROGERS

More loved, more lovable, more lovely than ever, in

"Tender Comrade"



ROBERT RYAN · RUTH HUSSEY

Patricia COLLINGE · Mady CHRISTIANS · Kim HUNTER · Jane DARWELL · Richard MARTIN

Produced by David Hempstead · Directed by Edward Dmytryk · Story and Screenplay by Dalton Trumbo



BE YOUR AGE

By
**Josephine
Felts**



**From 17 to 70 you
can be lovely!**



Top, formal coiffure, the swirl pompadour with the back either high or low on neckline, selected for Rosalind Russell, soon to be seen in Columbia's "What A Woman." Below, informal hair-dress with ends rolled smoothly under on forehead and neckline, choice of Lana Turner, in M-G-M's forthcoming picture "Marriage Is A Private Affair."

IN YOUR collection of screen favorites, aren't there actresses of assorted ages who all have lots of appeal for you? Don't most of you have a pet young starlet whom you think is just tops? Don't you also claim as a special love a glamorous headliner who may have been big brother's heart-throb ten years ago? And, don't you always admire some wonderful star who's had fans galore for a long, long time?

Of course you do! And it certainly gives all us girls a great big lift to realize that attractiveness isn't measured by age any more and that years needn't lessen loveliness or popularity. From the stars we discover that every age has its own special charm, and, if we're smart, we'll learn early the movie beauty secrets for our twenties, our forties, *etcetera*.

Perhaps the most important tip-off on these perennial good looks is: be honest with *yourself* about your age. Naturally, the number of your birthdays isn't anyone's business but your own, but if you
(Please turn to page 89)

He likes her air, so debonair!

But best of all her shining hair!



No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Special Drene reveals
up to 33% more lustre than soap . . .
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange,
so alluringly smooth!

To a man, your most priceless beauty
asset is lovely, shining hair. But dull,
drab locks can spoil your chance for
sweet romance. So always keep your
hair glamorous, lustrous. Never let
soap or soap shampoos hide the shining
beauty a man adores!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the
dramatic difference after your first
shampoo . . . how gloriously it
reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights,
all the natural color brilliance
of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a
wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair
far silkier, smoother and easier
to arrange . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining
neatness! If you haven't tried
Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember . . . Special Drene
gets rid of all flaky dandruff the
very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on
Special Drene with Hair Conditioner
added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it.



HERE'S THE SMART, new page-boy arrange-
ment. Notice the center part . . . the hair
brushed up and back from the temples . . . the
smooth roll which starts high behind the ears,
then slants sharply downward. All help give
the head the new, small, narrow look! Extra
lustre and smoothness due to Special Drene.

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

*Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair
of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Spe-
cial Drene. It never leaves any dulling
film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to
33% more lustre!





Here is greatness . . .
wonder . . . majesty
. . . a motion picture no
human words can
describe . . . but which
every human heart can
feel . . . and share.

Franz Werfel's
**THE SONG OF
BERNADETTE**

JENNIFER JONES • WILLIAM EYTHE
CHARLES BICKFORD • VINCENT
PRICE • LEE J. COBB

Directed by HENRY KING • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG • Screen Play by George Seaton • A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
18 SCREENLAND

tos by
Duval

Bette Davis, with member
of Shore Patrol, keeping
situation well in hand at
Hollywood Canteen's memo-
rable first anniversary party.



AN OPEN LETTER TO BETTE DAVIS

DEAR BETTE:

You may never forgive me for writing you this letter but I'll have to take that chance. I think it needs to be written, and because I have known you such a long time, almost since your start in pictures, I am taking the liberty of old friendship to say something to you.

I want you to know how much the motion picture industry owes you for your gallantry in carrying on, in the face of great grief, because you were needed so much. The Hollywood Canteen's first anniversary was an occasion,

and as such called for a very special sort of celebration. As the leading lady of the Canteen, as its guardian angel and hardest worker, you could not be spared—and so you came through. These pictures of the gala birthday party show the strain you were under—but they also show your indomitable spirit, your shining courage. I think they are the finest pictures ever made of you, and I want everybody to see them.

Delight Evans

Bette is shown, below, with Patricia Morison, left; with John Garfield and Leopold Stokowski; right, at mike with Bob Hope and Canteen birthday cake.



PHOTO PREVIEW OF "GASLIGHT"

The shadow of murder falls over an 1880 London household! Mystery mingles with romance! Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer give their new roles that added touch of suspense to make this picture such a fascinating film



- 1 "Go away, my child, and forget what has happened in this house," is the advice of Halliwell Hobbes to Ingrid Bergman who appears in the prologue as a twelve-year-old child.
- 2 Bergman and Boyer return to the house of mystery as husband and wife. It's a dramatic moment flooded with memories of the past, mingled with the excitement of the present.
- 3 "An old letter—written the day before she died." Ingrid Bergman's discovery of her aunt's letter among old musical scores brings her pleasure, to Charles Boyer—disaster?

Serve your Country in the "war job with a future"...

Free Training . . . with pay . . . in the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps

You're a lucky girl if you can qualify; lucky in so many ways . . .

★ There's the chance to make your future happy and secure . . . to receive a free education as a professional nurse.

★ Then there's the money side . . . your tuition and fees all free . . . your room and board paid for . . . *a regular allowance of \$15 to at least \$30 a month.*

★ And all the time you know you're playing an important part in the war. Even while you're in training, you will be helping to release other nurses for essential service. *65,000 new student nurses are urgently needed this year.*

★ Your uniforms are free, too. Not only your school uniform; but the stunning new uniforms of the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps (for optional outdoor wear).

A WAR JOB WITH A FUTURE . . .

After graduation, you can become an Army or Navy Nurse, a nurse in Public Health or Government service here or abroad. You may specialize in child health or x-ray or in many other fields.

And don't think you're closing the door on romance. There will be time for dates of an evening, and occasional weekends off duty. In many schools, you can marry and continue in training.

CAN YOU QUALIFY? Are you between 17* and 35? Are you a high school graduate or a college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Mail the coupon for copy of U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps booklet . . . and list of almost 1000 accredited schools of nursing from which you may choose your school. *Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing.

Join the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps

A great emergency creates a great opportunity
ACT TODAY! Mail the coupon for FREE booklet



giving information about the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps . . . and a list of almost 1000 accredited schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, Church St. Annex, New York, N. Y.
Please send free booklet and list of accredited schools.

Age _____ High school graduate? _____ High school senior? _____
Graduation date _____ Present occupation, if any _____
Name _____
Address _____ State _____
City _____

60-A

Joel Kupperman, 7 - year - old
mathematical wizard of radio
"Quiz Kids," makes movie début

By Maude Cheatham

He's all boy, this baby genius! Here are first shots of Joel in Hollywood: exploring Universal lot, left; closeup; meeting Donald O'Connor, with whom Joel appears in "The Third Glory"; and, bottom of page, he poses with his Dad, Mom, and Sis.

THE most interesting thing about Joel Kupperman, the 7-year-old mathematical wizard of the "Quiz Kids," is that he's just a boy—all boy!

He jumps over tables, crawls under chairs, bangs doors, plays leap-frog over ash stands, displays insatiable curiosity about everything he sees and proceeds to investigate, pronto. And his knees and shins are covered with scars from falls and bumps. After a sharp contact with the asphalt pavement he picks himself up, brushes off the dust, and carries on. No whimpering, no seeking sympathy. He's a handsome, sturdy youngster, 4 feet, 2 inches tall, with dark, flashing eyes that seem to see all things. He has poise and confidence but he's never smarty, nor are there wisecracks. Mr. and Mrs. Kupperman have managed to keep their son unspoiled, and seemingly unaware that he is unusual.

Joel's arrival in Hollywood to make a picture sent Universal studios into a series of dithers. Accompanied by his father and mother, and sister Harriet, age nine, he was met at the Pasadena station with the usual pomp, including a sprinkling of studio executives, representatives from the publicity department and photographers, who were on hand to roll out the red carpet. But before they could swing into action, the acrobatic whirlwind was already examining a freight car on the next track. Then, as he was about (Please turn to page 68)

Quiz Kid

CRASHES HOLLYWOOD



**GINGER ROGERS AND RAY MILLAND
IN "LADY IN THE DARK"**

Moss Hart's famous stage hit becomes a glamorous Paramount movie, with co-stars Rogers and Milland giving brilliant performances.

Photo by A. L. Whitney Schaffer

Beautiful...

Bewitching...



She risked a kingdom for this one kiss!



Once—and comes a

only once—in a lifetime
"PERICHOLE"... singer in the streets, power behind the throne, all woman, all wonderful . . . From Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel . . . this immortal screen thrill. Don't miss it!

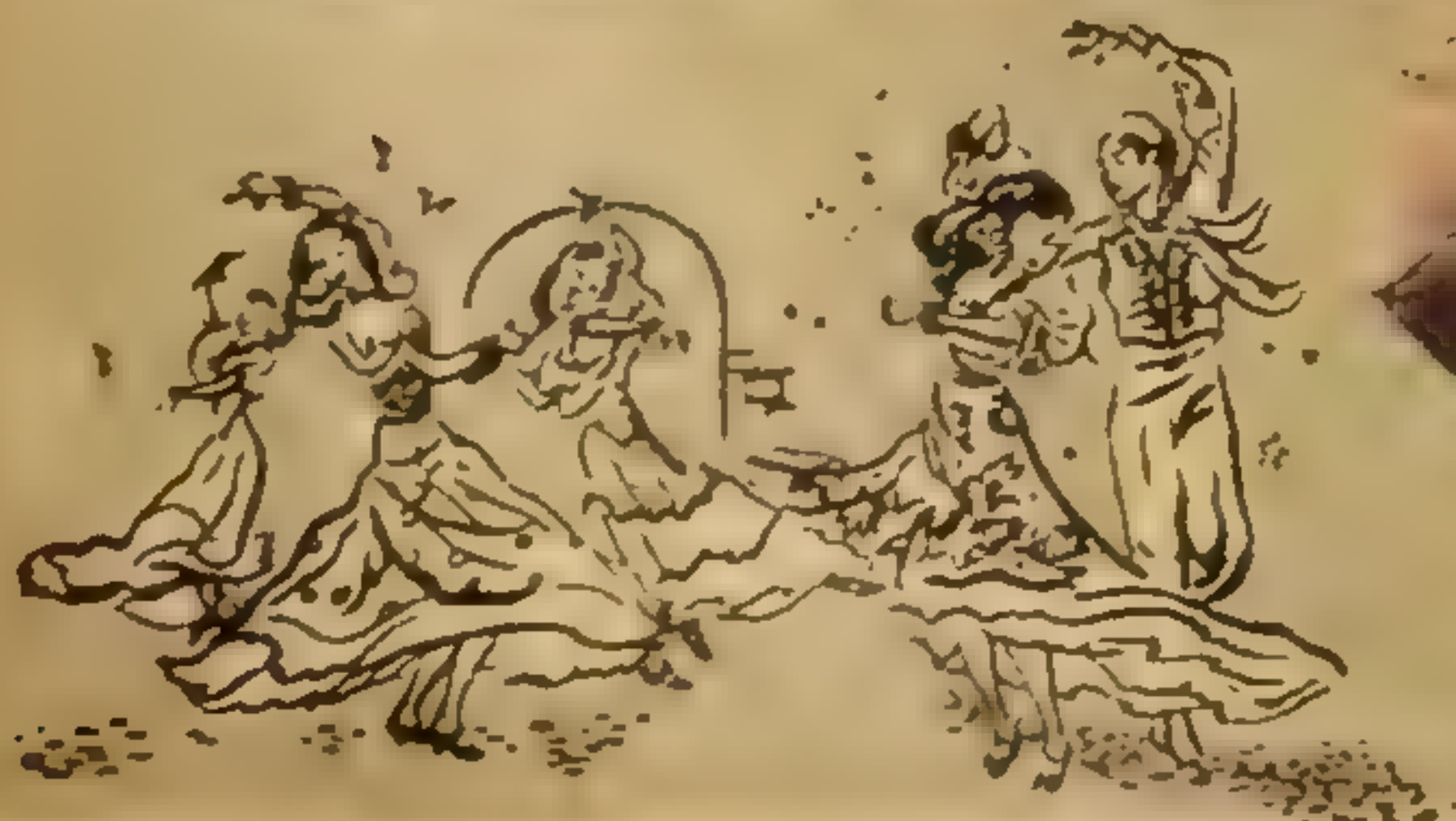
He taught her everything—and she hated him for it!



He ruled a kingdom and she ruled him!



The Marquesa understood and loathed her—because she, too, was a woman!



Benedict Bogeaus Presents

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey"

Starring

Lynn Bari • Akim Tamiroff • Francis Lederer
with Nazimova • Louis Calhern • Blanche Yurka • Donald Woods
Directed by ROWLAND V. LEE • Screenplay by HOWARD ESTABROOK

From THORNTON WILDER'S Pulitzer Prize-winning Novel
A ROWLAND V. LEE Production • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



To heck with glamor, when the world is begging for belly laughs! So the elegant Miss Colbert lets herself get all dirtied up for her best comedy rôle, in which she plays a lady photographer in love with a sandhog (Fred MacMurray). Paramount director Mitch Leisen (above and left) had the time of his life with the scenes showing Claudette caught in a flooded tunnel. But to even things up, he directed plenty of scenes showing the star as her soignée, fastidious self.



**HOW NOT TO
BE GLAMOROUS**

Chic and charming Claudette Colbert gets a mud bath in "No Time for Love" and likes it!

HE STOOD in a corner at the canteen—looking too big for his uniform. Often it was the other way around, often the uniform looked too big for the soldier! There was something about the way his hands emerged from the khaki-colored sleeves that made one conscious of his wrists—heavy wrists geared to plowing and chopping down trees and that sort of thing. Geared, perhaps, to plowing through a battlefield and chopping down enemy resistance. His feet in their heavy shoes looked worried, more worried than his face, which merely showed embarrassment. He was thinking, "How did I happen to come here, anyway? The other fellows are all such hot dancers and the hostesses are all so beautiful. I—I'm like a fish out of water. Wish I could make a getaway."

The hostesses were supremely beautiful—most of them were beautiful because it was their business to be that way. Screen stars for the major part, and radio stars and visiting stage stars. Women who usually smiled for thousands and who were now dividing their smiles into small intimate groups. Somebody on the tiny platform was running scales on a piano—there was going to be a song presently and then a specialty dance and then the general dancing would start again. And the boy stood in the corner and wished that the lights would go down just a trifle so that he could fumble for his tie and jerk it into a tighter bow—a tighter bow so that he'd look slick and tidy.

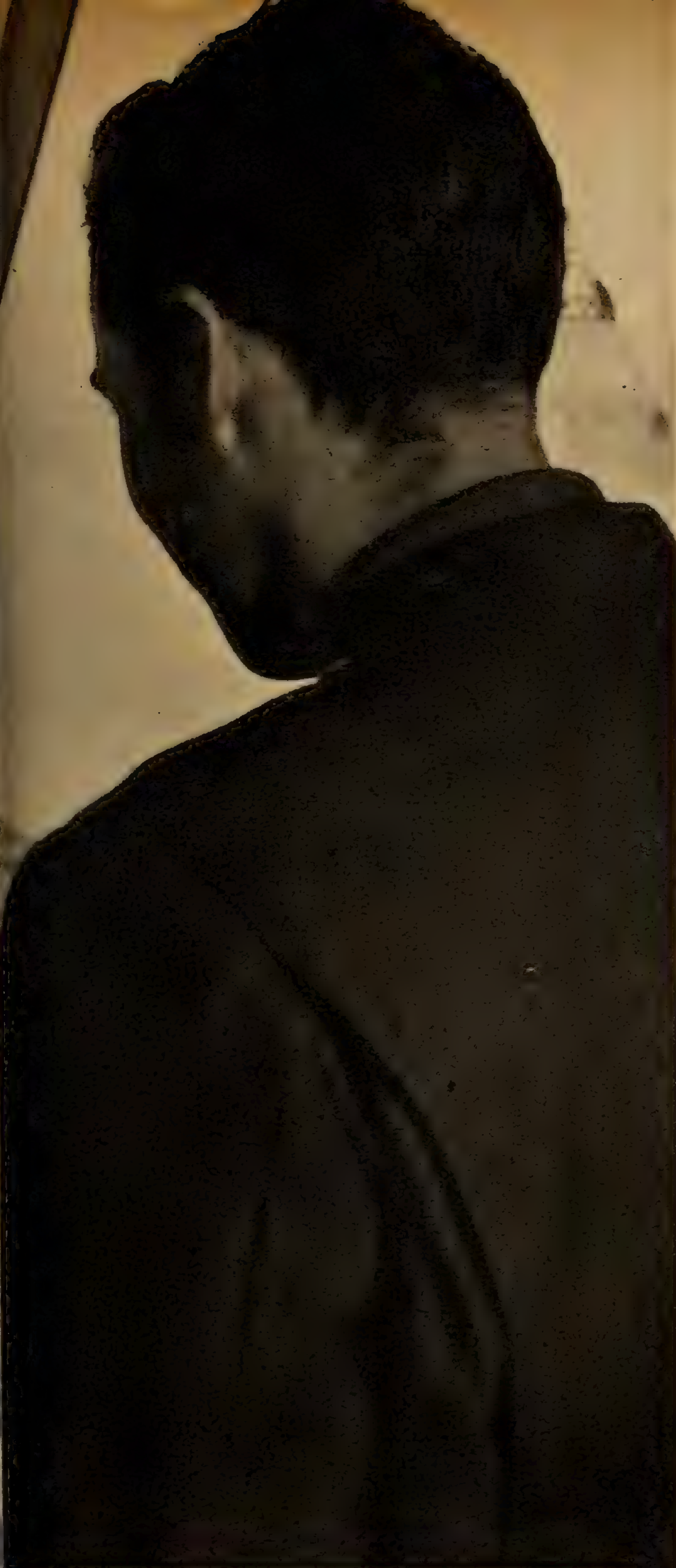
She came toward him across the thronged room. Her skirt was taffeta and it swished about her knees as she walked—some said that her knees were insured for a fabulous amount! Her hair was a dusky cloud about her shoulders—it flirted with the gardenias that she wore on her left shoulder—the gardenias tied with a knot of silver ribbon. She came straight toward the boy and he recognized her and gulped and felt a tide of color sweeping up from his chin to the line of his sandy hair.

"Gosh," he thought, "gosh, she's heading this way and she's got her eye on me . . . If I've seen her in one picture I've seen her in a hundred, and *she's got her eye on me*. I wonder if she's going to speak to (Please turn to page 28)



Canteen

"Hi, soldier!" she said. "This isn't the time or the place to look lost and lonely. How about a dance?" The boy gulped. "Every Saturday night back home I'd sit through two shows when your pictures played. Don't laugh at me, but you've always been tops as far as I was concerned. But I'm not a hot dancer. Maybe you better ask one of the other fellows." "I didn't come here to dance with hot dancers," she said. "I came to dance with heroes in the making."



Just another soldier visiting the canteen,
dancing with his favorite movie star. But
he left with memories that made him a
hero, in the real-life feature called destiny

By Margaret E. Sangster

Romance

Something new! Poignant fiction illustrated by
Anne Baxter and William Eythe, stars of 20th
Century-Fox's production, "The Eve Of St. Mark"





All at once she was unpinning the gardenias that she wore on her shoulder, not very far from her heart. "Shall I pin them on you, soldier, or would you rather keep them in your pocket?" Posed by Anne Baxter and William Eythe to illustrate Margaret E. Sangster's tender story of a Hollywood canteen interlude and its aftermath.



She was standing on tip toe, kissing him lightly on the chin. And then she was gone, with never a backward glance. But the gardenias she had given him went along to a distant battle front where they served as an inspiration to deathless courage. Back in Hollywood, a movie star realized that being glamorous was more of a job than a privilege.



me, and if she does I wonder if I'll recognize her voice. I've heard it plenty but I wonder if I'll recognize it?"

She was coming closer. He could hear the swish of the taffeta now and it became mixed, in a funny medley, with his pulsebeats. And then her voice sounded and it was almost exactly as it had sounded from the screen—low and husky and oddly confidential.

"Hi, soldier," said the voice, "you look sort of lost and lonely! But this isn't the time or the place to look lost and lonely."

The boy gulped again. "I'm not lost nor yet—lonely," he said, trying to explain, "it's just—well, I'm like a fish out of water . . . Having you near me, for instance, is part of the whole setup. What I mean is, nothing's real."

Dusky hair, a rustling taffeta skirt, gardenias on a shoulder. She smiled at him and the small intimate group smile became more than intimate.

"Then you know who I am?" she said, and the boy told her—"Sure, I know. Every Saturday night when you were



Exclusive photos by 20th Century-Fox posed for SCREENLAND by Anne Baxter and William Eythe of "The Eve of St. Mark."

at the Bijou I'd go to town early and—sometimes I'd sit through two shows. Don't laugh at me—don't think I'm corny—but you've always been tops as far as I was concerned."

Head a trifle on one side—just a trifle. Eyes suddenly measuring. "So you went to town—and sat through two shows," she nodded. "Farmer, perhaps? Before this?"

"Yeah, and after this," said the boy. "This is just a happen-so, this war stuff. When it's fixed over there—" he hesitated. "Ever been on a farm?"

The star dimpled. "You asked me a question," she said, "a direct question! You're coming on; soldier! Not quite so lonely now, eh? Not quite so lost?"

The boy thought, "She's a little bit of a thing. I could put my two hands around her waist and the pinkies would meet and the thumbs." He thought, "I bet I could lift her with one hand." He said, "Talking warms a guy up."

The scales that were being run on the piano had become a theme—a quartette was crooning. She moved closer to the

soldier, so close that he could feel her arm touching his—her arm vibrant through the paper-thin taffeta.

"To answer your question," she said, "I was on a farm once—it was a publicity gag. I wore overalls and pitched hay and fed baby pigs. I was cute."

"I bet you were cute," said the boy. He thought, "Nights after I've sat through two of her shows I've laid awake wondering what it would be like to touch her and now I am touching her . . . Lots of nights I've wondered how her eyes would look close up—if the lashes were honest-to-goodness. And now I've seen 'em—close up . . . And they are."

The quartette was crooning a last bar. There was applause—loud applause—like thunder in August, when it might ruin a crop, and the boy clapped too, with his wrists looking heavy and over authentic. And then the dance music started and all at once her hand was on his wrist. Slim fingers, like satin threads on his wrist.

"How about it," asked the low husky voice, "this isn't a rhumba or a samba or any of the (Please turn to page 72)



DEANNA AT THE CROSSROADS

WITH the devastating abruptness of block busters two explosions have occurred in the heretofore placid life of Deanna Durbin.

The first is a complete change of screen characterizations.

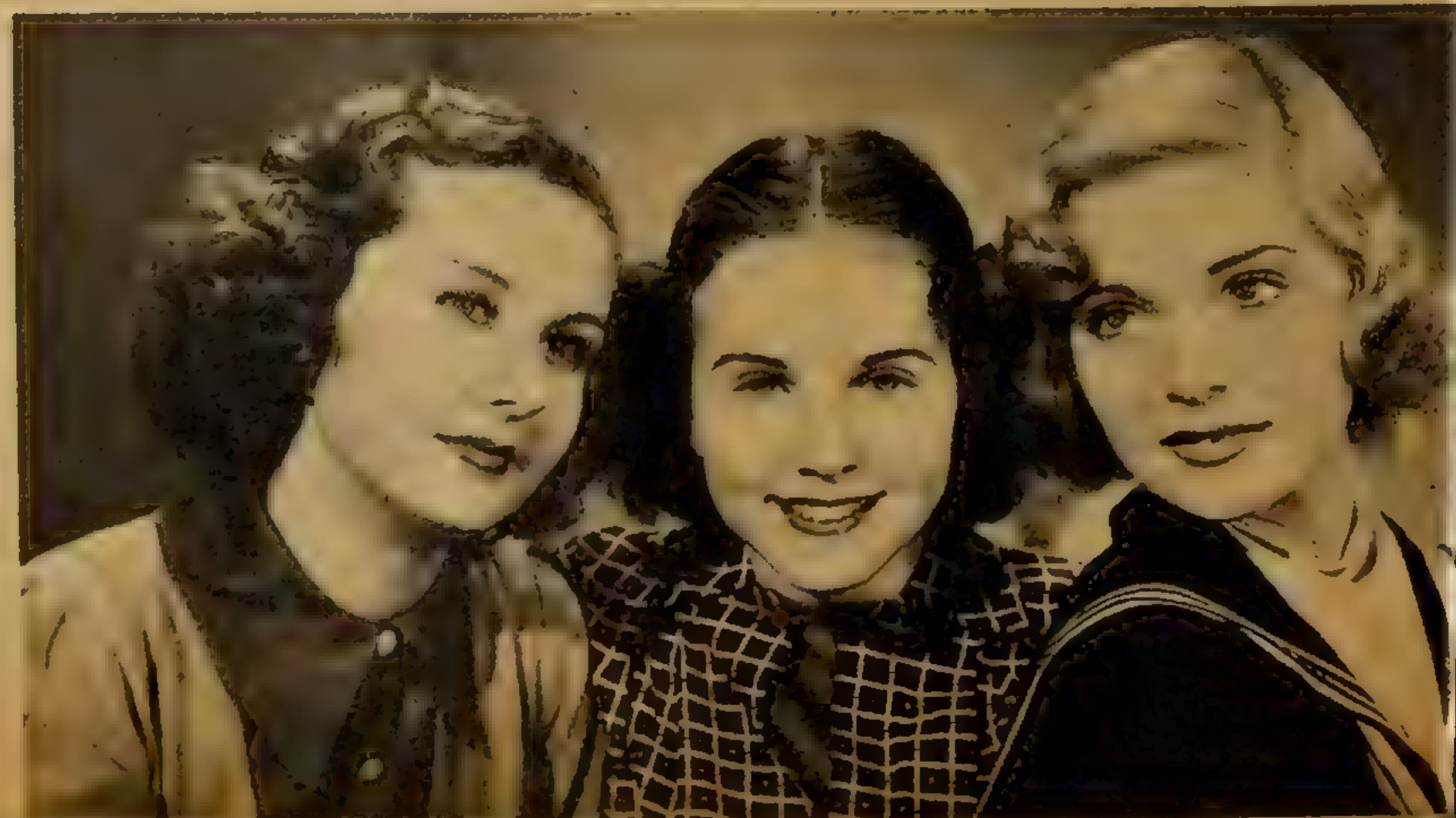
The second is a total readjustment of her private life as a result of her divorce from her childhood sweetheart, her only suitor, Lt. (j.g.) Vaughn Paul, U.S.N.R.

By the time this reaches print, Deanna Durbin will be 22 years old. She very definitely has become an adult in both her lives—the screen life which millions know so well, and her private life, which she has had the foresight and good sense to keep to herself.

The result of her growth to womanhood has been the abandonment of the tenderly sweet parts in "Three Smart Girls" and "One Hundred Men And A Girl." Her latest Universal starring picture, "His Butler's Sister," marks a cinematic turning point. She is seen with Pat O'Brien and Franchot Tone, Pat playing her brother and Tone a composer who has lost his muse and who falls in love with her. She, her voice and her encouragement get Tone back "in the groove" and, of course, there is the suggestion that some day they'll marry. It's light, filled with laughter, colorful—and it is Indian Summer for Deanna's childhood.

In her next picture she becomes very definitely a woman. The production is based on "Christmas Holiday," a Somerset Maugham novel. The story opens, as adapted for the motion picture, with Deanna singing in a torrid New Orleans night

Remarkable career of Deanna Durbin is traced in photos above. Reading up from right: with her discoverer, Eddie Cantor; her first director, Henry Koster; her mother, on the set; studying script; and celebrating her fifteenth birthday. Below, Durbin's first great hit, "Three Smart Girls." Right, facing page, her latest: "His Butler's Sister," with Pat O'Brien and Franchot Tone.





With a complete change of screen characterizations, and the total re-adjustment of her private life, Deanna Durbin says good-bye to girlhood. In her new roles, in her new life, she has become a woman

By
Barbara
Flanley

The candid camera caught four phases of Deanna's romance with Vaughn Paul, her first and only suitor (left). Today, Deanna and Vaughn are separated, sad ending to Hollywood's sweetest love story.



spot. A soldier comes into the place and they meet. She tells the story of her life with cinemactor Gene Kelly, including her marriage to him and his subsequent murder of a man during a robbery, his conviction and sentence to life imprisonment. The story ends with Deanna thanking the soldier for being so nice to her as she sends him on his way.

In the picture, she is married on the screen for the first time. She sings far less than in any previous picture. "Christmas Holiday" is a gripping, powerful drama. In it, Deanna is called upon to act—really act, for the first time. (Please turn to page 65)





ROBERT RYAN, Hollywood's new male menace, poses in uniform for his rôle of Sgt. Chris Jones in "Tender Comrade," opposite Ginger Rogers.

JUST when I thought I'd scream if I met another actor I met another actor. Name of Robert Ryan. I didn't scream. Robert is a perfectly swell person with a grand sense of humor, who knows more about writing than most people who interview him. He's good looking, too, in a rugged Fred Mac-Murray sort of way. He's six feet three, weighs 194 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes, and easy, casual manners. In his first five pictures (all made at RKO where he is under contract) he was never allowed within whistling distance of the heroine. He usually got bumped off early. But in his next picture, "Tender Comrade," he gets the girl—Ginger Rogers.

Why RKO has never let him get the girl before I'm sure I don't know. RKO doesn't know, either. Any girl in her right mind would go for him hook, line, and sinker. Joan Leslie in "The Sky's The Limit" (he played Fred Astaire's buddy who made him dance Little Egypt on the canteen table) was definitely not in her right mind.

But from now on the studio will see to it that there is plenty of girl-getting for Massa Robert. RKO has signed him on a "duration contract." Which means that as soon as the war is over—he becomes Private Ryan, complete with G.I. haircut any day now—he'll take up where he left off. He left off in Ginger Rogers' arms. Which is a good place to take up.

People are always telling Bob that he doesn't look like an actor. He doesn't know whether to be flattered or not. He was brought to Hollywood by Pare Lorentz to play in "Name, Age and Occupation," (now shelved) at the end of a six months' search for an actor who didn't look like an actor. Only a few nights before, he told me, he had had dinner at Romanoff's with a group of Marine officers from the San Diego base. When it was time to go home, the Major, who had sat next to him all evening, turned to him and inquired,



"What business are you in, Mr. Ryan?" (Couldn't happen to many actors, or am I being catty!)

"When I told him I was an actor, he looked perplexed," said Bob. "People are always looking perplexed. Maybe it's due to my unreasonable indifference as to how I look—a little something that has annoyed my mother for thirty-four years."

Maybe it's because Bob didn't make up his mind to become an actor until he was twenty-eight. "That's supposed to be ancient to start acting," he says with a grin. But Bob feels that when an adult becomes an actor, when he throws his whole heart, soul and body into it, when he makes personal sacrifices and endures all kinds of hardships, in the long run he turns out to be a better actor (Please turn to page 83)

RYAN GETS THE GIRL!

And about time, too, that swell actor, Robert Ryan, steps into important, romantic parts



In his first five films for RKO Robert Ryan was never allowed within whistling distance of the heroine. But in his new picture, "Tender Comrade," he gets the girl—Ginger Rogers. Above, scenes from the romantic film.

By
Liza

WHY JOEL McCREA IS



"Buffalo Bill" may well be Joel's final film for the duration. Pictures at right, and below, show him in new rôle, with Maureen O'Hara playing opposite (far right). Above, studio hairdresser on "Buffalo Bill" location gives finishing touches to wig Joel must wear for the title rôle.



Hollywood wanted to sign him up for seven solid years! Read here,

QUITTING FILMS FOR DURATION!

By
Dora Albert

THE scene was the Wild West in the days of Buffalo Bill. Before us stretched a peaceful valley, with a stream lazily meandering through. At least, to superficial eyes, the valley would look peaceful. Actually, in "Buffalo Bill," it will be a scene of carnage and destruction, for the picture contains more thrills and action than the old dime novels.

A tall, blond young man in a buckskin suit strode across the stream. Because he was wearing a goatee, you might have had some difficulty in recognizing him as Joel McCrea, if it weren't for the outrageous twinkle in his eyes. Buffalo Bill, I'll bet, never had a twinkle like that.

While I watched, *Buffalo Bill* put his arm gently around an Indian girl, and carried her across the stream. This was just a rehearsal; but from all sides came exclamations of envy and amusement. "It's lovely work, Joel, if you can get it!" "You mean they pay you for doing that? You ought to be paying *them*, Joel."

The Indian girl smiled, and I took another look at her. Linda Darnell, of course, under all that Indian makeup. Only one girl in pictures has that smile.

"Try it again, Joel," the director called. "I want to see which variation is the best."

So Joel got into the stream again, and once more placed his arm around Linda's slender waist. Again, when the scene was finished, came those catcalls. "Isn't that a lovely variation?"

"I know a wonderful variation," one of the cameramen laughed. "Why not have Linda carry Joel across the stream? That would be really different."

When I went to see Joel in his dressing room, after the scene had been shot, the memory of those friendly jeers still rang

in my ears. For they really expressed Hollywood's attitude, underneath all the kidding. Joel should be having a wonderful time. He certainly should want to continue to make pictures like this one.

Yet only a short time ago newspapers had startled Hollywood with the report, "Joel McCrea to retire from pictures for the duration!" Ever since, there had been a good deal of speculation as to why Joel was leaving pictures. Some newspapers said it was because he wanted to devote all his time to work for the Department of Agriculture. One newspaper reported that Joel was going to do work for the "rehabilitation" of wounded men. A silly report, on the face of it. One got a picture of Joel playing the amateur psychologist or physician. Knowing Joel, I knew there was something twisted about that report.

The best-informed Hollywood columnists had all made their own guesses as to why Joel, at the height of his fame, was quitting pictures. The men on the set were not entirely kidding when they said, "Such lovely work, Joel." Thinking of all the love scenes Joel has played opposite such glamor girls as Linda, Jean Arthur, Barbara Stanwyck and others, they might well have asked, "Why are you quitting, Joel?"

Obviously Joel wasn't quitting because he was no longer wanted in Hollywood. He is at the height of his fame and success. Hollywood, never more desperate for leading men than now, is eager for any personable actor, but exceptionally anxious to keep Joel under contract. "The More the Merrier" wowed people at the box office; and the producers know that when Joel is in a picture, the merry
(Please turn to page 78)



exclusively, why McCrea is turning down commercial picture offers

A gorgeous blonde star in Hollywood is no different than a million other warwives who have had to rearrange their lives. For the first time Lucille Ball tells how she is living for today—for all the todays until her husband comes marching home again

The Lucille Ball Hollywood, and the movie audience, know—glamorous and glittering, in scene with Dick Powell, below, and at right in costume for "Meet The People," M-G-M's musical adaptation of the stage hit. Far right, facing page, Lucille Ball as Mrs. Desi Arnaz.





Intimate Notes of a Wartime Wife

By *Lucille Ball*

As told to S. R. Mook

"DESI'S gone!"

Two little words fraught with as much significance to me as Hitler's surrender would mean to the world in general.

"Miss Ball," I said to myself, "you may as well face it. There'll be some changes made—and I don't only mean in the weather. You've been hearing all your life how a split second can effect a person's destiny. My dear, you may as well understand that a couple of well put words, preferably monosyllables so there can be no doubt of their meaning, can have an equally devastating effect. Your little world is tottering and you had better start bracing the foundations—but quick. Desi's gone and, for the duration, you're going to be a war widow. Get busy, chum. Let's have no moaning at the bar. What are you going to do?"

I have never cared for pointless conversations and, as there seemed to be nothing more to be said, I ended my chat with myself, but my mind was still ticking sixty to the minute. I remembered there are a couple of million other wives in this country who have had to rearrange their lives. Most of them have done it successfully and graciously. Others—well, I mustn't

let myself think of them. Trying to fight the unavoidable is like Don Quixote tilting at windmills.

I remembered reading one of O. O. McIntyre's columns. He had met Billie Burke at a party. Before her marriage to Flo Ziegfeld, Miss Burke had been one of the biggest stars in the New York theater. When her manager was drowned in the sinking of the Titanic, Ziegfeld (Please turn to page 81)



JOSEPH COTTEN TURNS TO ROMANCE

When Joe Cotten first came to Hollywood he played a character who spent most of his time in a gray wig and a wheel chair. Now the bold, blond, and handsome guy comes into his own in romantic roles

By

May Mann

He wowed 'em on Broadway as Katie Hepburn's romantic leading man in "The Philadelphia Story"—so Hollywood promptly cast him in aging rôles. It took "Hers to Hold," the Deanna Durbin picture (see love scene with star at lower left) to make him a movie sensation. See him next opposite Claudette Colbert (center below) in "Since You Went Away," in which he also shares honors with Shirley Temple and Jennifer Jones (lower right, facing page). Mrs. Cotten is seen with Joe and his best friend, Orson Welles, in Stork Club candid.



JOE COTTEN is 38, tall, blond and as arresting a male as ever eyed a camera. But his first movie detoured him from the romance pattern Broadway had originally set. He was terrific with Katharine Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story" on Broadway. Then he came to Hollywood and played a character that spent most of its movie footage in a gray wig and a wheel chair. Next came a similar aging character, so it was no wonder that movie-going femmes were knocked for a loop when the bold, handsome and young Joe Cotten came into his own, minus any disguises or old age appliances, in the Durbin opus, "Hers To Hold." Every producer in Hollywood leaped at Joe's contract to find a few weeks when he could work for them.

So it was that I found myself sitting sleepily through Joe's radio broadcast rehearsal one Friday evening at 11:30 p.m.

Joe is making two pictures simultaneously. At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer he is the love of Ingrid Bergman's life in "Gaslight." He is also playing *Tony*, the young Naval officer, in David O. Selznick's "Since You Went Away." The spare moments between he is engaged with his radio broadcast. Just try keeping up with a young man so much in demand. I did.

I took one of my precious No. 9 gas coupons and drove out to Joe's house in the Pacific Palisades. I remember two years ago when Joe was more of a gentleman of leisure and I'd spent some lovely afternoons at the Cottens'. Numerous cars kept pulling up the drive. Tourists' buses, too. They'd stop right out front and the passengers would gape at the house.

Joe opened the window. "Listen," he said. "They think Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., lives here." And sure enough, the guide in the tourist bus megaphoned loudly and at great length: "Ladies and gentlemen! The house and the spacious grounds you see before you belong to that popular Hollywood actor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.!" At that time, Joe Cotten could have walked right out in front and no one would have paid the slightest bit of attention to him. But how times have changed!

As I said, I arrived at Joe's house to discover that M-G-M had detained him. In fact, he was jumping off a high building that afternoon for the benefit of Miss Bergman. And just when he was preparing to leave for home—and dinner, the Selznick studios called him for an added scene. So the obliging Mr. Cotten gallantly stepped into the middle of a cinematic fracas between Claudette Colbert and Jennifer Jones, emerging from it in a slightly battered condition.

Joe managed to leave the studio in time to make his 7:30 radio rehearsal at CBS. He telephoned he would be tied up there until 11:30 p.m. And now you can understand why he sometimes looks back upon his "wheel chair days" with a little longing.

At midnight Joe was still rehearsing. It was 12:30 before the radio director said, "You can break it up now. But be sure and be here at eight in the morning—and nine on Sunday for dress preview of the broadcast."

"I'm sorry," Joe apologized, breezing over fresh and fit as though he hadn't been up since six that morning and on a merry-go-round of activity ever since. "I just haven't had a minute off for the last three months."

"That's what you get for rejuvenating your screen self and turning to romantic rôles," I said as we walked to Columbia

Square. The janitor was sweeping up, but we sat down for a few moments by the plate glass windows and watched the crowds emerging from the Earl Carroll Theater across the street. Gay crowds of people who'd had a carefree evening of pleasure and fun.

"It's been over a month since I've had a night off to go out to dinner and dance," Joe smiled. "Making two pictures at once—" he explained.

"That's what you get for being a good actor—and a romantic one," I pointed out.

"That's just the way I want it," Joe said. "It's great."

In spite of the charm and magnetic personality of Joseph Cotten, it was past midnight, and I was discovering that I couldn't keep my eyes open. "Sorry," I apologized. "It isn't the company. Just the hours. I was up at seven this morning."

Joe suggested that we continue the next day on the set at Metro. As I drove home in the misty moonlight of a California winter night, I couldn't help remembering that only four Joe-Cotten-pictures back, he hadn't been so rushed and so busy. And now here he was, the brightest male star of the year—and still trying to be as cooperative as ever. But a man whose time belonged to this studio or that one, right down to the split second.

I didn't get out to Metro, for Joe called the next day to say the cast of "Since You Went Away" was giving a party on the set at Selznick's in the late afternoon. Would I like to come out for the fun? "Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Shirley Temple—they'll all be there," he added by way of a build-up, in case Joseph Cotten himself wasn't sufficient attraction.

At the party we sat nibbling at a delicious buffet dinner. We were seated at a small table under a big oak tree in the garden of the *Hilton* house on the set. And it was fun, with no one enjoying it more than the hard-working Mr. Cotten.

Whatever Joe's good fortune now, he can only feel that it is a just attempt on the part of fate (Please turn to page 70)



Ida Lupino

Ida Lupino, fine actress and poignant personality, will soon be seen in Warners' "Devotion," with Paul Henreid. Next on her crowded studio schedule is "In Our Time."



By
Barbara
Berch

With Anna Sten in "Three Russian Girls," Kent Smith shows the striking talents which made him one of Broadway's best leading men, opposite Katharine Cornell, Jane Cowl, and other great stage stars.

A GENTLEMAN NAMED SMITH

He says he's "bad copy," this good actor named Kent Smith. But you will find his story one of the most interesting to come out of Hollywood

KENT SMITH is the kind of big, roomy, easy-going fellow known to the trade as "bad copy." Sure, he's likeable, he's dependable, he's great company—but, first of all, they tell you, there's his name. Smith. It's good and square—but it's nothing provocative like Flynn or Ladd or Bogart. Then, he's never made any daring escapes from the Gestapo, nor shipped off on a cattle boat to see the world. Nor does his love life make women sigh vicariously over the utter misery of it all. No, Mr. Smith is a prince of a chap, but how can you glamorize a guy who's a Son of the Revolution, who went to Harvard and married a nice girl, and is now living happily ever after?

Well, we're here to tell you it's easy. Because Smith is so darn normal he's refreshing. He wears gingham-checked shirts, for instance, and rides a bike to work. He likes vanilla ice-cream, and can tell just as many corny jokes as the rest of us. He smacks his lips over the Petty Girl, and plays tennis
(Please turn to page 62)

Closeup of this Smith gentleman with Miss Sten from United Artists' film of the heroic Russians of Leningrad.



She's a Lady in more ways than one, is dainty Merle Oberon. They call her "a good Joe," and in studio lingo you can't do better than that

OUT on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, where for years big stars have thrown temperamental outbursts, and temperamental outbursts have thrown big stars, the hired help are mooning over a Dame, or rather a Lady (I always get my titles confused), name of Merle Oberon. When they talk about Merle they get so starry-eyed you'd think it was Merle, instead of *Bernadette*, who got sainted over on stage nine recently. They call her "a good Joe," and in studio lingo you can't do better than that.

Well now, you say, press agents are paid to say nice things about their stars. Even when the star is George Sanders. But there's a difference, believe me. I have heard press agents prattle for a long time, and you don't have to be particularly bright to be able to tell when it's from hunger and when it's from sincerity.

Merle had never made a picture at Twentieth Century-Fox before "The Lodger." The hired help were considerably wary of her. After all she is a top-drawer Glamor Girl, and the publicity department hasn't been too happy at times with visiting Glamor. A producer's wife herself, she calls the Boss "Darryl" and the Boss's wife "Virginia." And that's not good. Besides, hoity-toity "Lady Korda" stories had been well circulated — we who live surrounded by smudge-pots aren't exactly angels, you know. The studio folk were prepared for the worst.

They couldn't have been more surprised even if Garbo had walked in and said, "I want to give out interviews on the New Garbo." In Merle they found the answer to a press agent's prayer. A friendly, intelligent, cooperative star.

"I wish she was on this lot all the time," said one member of the publicity department, who has had more than her

Here is Merle in costume for her new 20th Century-Fox film, "The Lodger," in which she plays the provocative rôle of a dance-hall girl—quite a departure for Lady Korda! Facing page shows exclusive candid photos of Merle's lively dance. Below, she receives a tribute from wardrobe woman Louise Knapp on behalf of the entire company.

Lady Korda: "A Good Joe"

By Elizabeth Wilson





share of headaches this past year. Another member said, "Merle is the most completely cooperative actress I've ever worked with. When I suggested stories and picture layouts to her, never once did she say, 'I don't think it's dignified.' What a relief that was—after two months with an actress who constantly screamed in my ear, 'Is it dignified? If it isn't dignified I won't do it.'"

One of the hairdressers on the set likes to tell about the day Merle admired her new permanent. "You can buy one for a dollar from the Broadway, Miss Oberon," I said to her flip-like. And what do you think she said to me? "Thank you, I'm going to get one right away." And she did. I never met a star before who didn't think her hair was priceless and her body sacred. (She muttered something about Sacred Cows

she had known, but I won't go into that here. Not that it wasn't interesting.)

Eddie Jones, the property man on "The Lodger" set, gets all choked-voice when he talks about Merle. (When his eldest, visiting the set with Papa one day, pronounced Lady Korda, "Oh boy, some dish!" Eddie was horrified, but not Merle.) Seems that his wife was quite ill during the making of the picture and one day when he thought he wouldn't be needed he slipped away to telephone her. And, of course, he had hardly left the set before one of the assistant directors noticed that the highly polished floor needed mopping before the next "take" of the dance number. There was much uproar—but only for a few seconds. Merle in her five-inch ruffled skirts and spangles, her fish-net (Please turn to page 76)



WINGED VICTORY

Moss Hart's great Army Air Forces show, "Winged Victory," in which soldier-actors from the Hollywood talent roster appear, adds another page to that grand American tradition which puts aside personal glory in a united effort and vividly brings out the true spirit of what a real "Winged Victory" can mean to us all!

By Jessyca Russell



NOT only I, but any movie magazine writer walking into a rehearsal of Moss Hart's Army Air Forces show, "Winged Victory," could easily have received the same impression—that of being on a giant movie set in Hollywood, into which every major picture studio had poured the best of its male talent—although no make-believe could erase the very real Army discipline that was also present and the MP inspection before being permitted to enter the theater.

Therefore, I'm going to ask you to let your imagination run away with me, and to forget that "Winged Victory" has since become a polished production that is now enjoying a successful New York run. Instead, let us go back to a day of rehearsal, and meet the various familiar names and faces that are now in uniform, which were once part of the movie world. But first let us remember this—that none of these boys were taken from a fighting post; all of them had been in Special Service offices, assisting with entertainment units, as they got their basic training, and each of them—unlike the cast of "This Is The Army"—was a professional actor before entering the service. In fact, the entire cast had to pass not one, but many professional try-outs before being selected, as two lieutenants, in charge of preliminary casting, went all over the country to every Army Air Forces post and tried out some 6,000 soldier-actor candidates before 500 were sent on to New York for additional eliminations. From these, 300 were finally chosen, so you can see that our ex-movie friends are part of the finest acting line-up Uncle Sam could get.

There must be something going on there first, because Moss Hart, the writer-director of "Winged Victory," who's too busy



"Winged Victory" wins acclaim for Cpl. Mark Daniels and Phyllis Avery, top; Pvt. Barry Nelson and Pfc. Edmund O'Brien, next; Pvt. Don Taylor, above, between Pvt. Barry Nelson and Pvt. Walter Reed; the Mauch twins, Pvs. Bill and Bob, right; and Sgt. George Reeves of "So Proudly We Hail" (seen second from left in group at far right). Facing page shows Moss Hart directing some of the 300 soldier-actors (and Miss Avery again) for their big scenes in "Winged Victory."





All Photos,
Army Air Forces

to more than smile a "hello" at us, is kidding with Edmund O'Brien, as Ed warms up for his rehearsal by giving imitations of old-fashioned barroom characters. Movie-goers remembering him in the rôle of a dashing young juvenile opposite Deanna Durbin in "The Young Mrs. Holliday," won't recognize the once-slender Mr. O'Brien, who apparently goes in heavily for the Army build-up (around the waist-line as well as in morale); because along with a GI haircut he's added fifteen pounds, plus a Brooklyn accent that even Dodger fans won't detect as phony for his part in the play. Eddie's well-liked by his fellow Army-ites, since any brief rehearsal let-up finds Mrs. O'Brien's little boy demonstrating the latest gag from *Variety*, which they all read faithfully.

In the scene which finally unwinds, one of the fellows says, "Here come *Pinky* and the others. Hey, *Pinky*, we're over here!"

Here's where *Pinky* *should* come in, but he doesn't. Rehearsal stops for a moment, until a call downstairs brings a long-legged, reddish-haired figure flying in leaps and bounds onto the stage. Looking roguishly at Moss Hart, *Pinky*, now recognizable as new bet Don Taylor of the movies, leans over and says, "Say, Mr. Hart—what are you gonna do if something really happens to me and we haven't got an understudy?"

The boss chuckles and says, "Then I'll have to play your part myself!"

And Don, with an attempt at the last word, jeers, "Yah! You and a complete overhauling job!"

It's early in the morning—just ten o'clock—and military formation is just over. Ordinarily, the boys drill for an hour afterwards, but that's been temporarily waived in favor of whipping the show more quickly into shape. And notice the boys who are handling the electric lights, scenery, etc.—they were all first-class men in that trade before entering the Army, so you can be sure it's high-grade efficiency that's going into every part of this production.

Over there, with a drawing board on his knee, is Corporal Harry Horner, who did those wonderful scenic designs for the movies of "Our Town," "Stage Door Cantéen" and "Little Foxes." What you don't know about him, though, is that he originated the revolving stage technique used for Gertrude Lawrence's show "Lady In The Dark" (which Ginger Rogers just finished playing in for Paramount), and is using a similar system here, because that's the only way to accommodate an approximate cast of 300 soldiers and 60 actresses at one time, in a production of 19 scenes and two acts, without a great many curtain falls. Standing alongside of him is Sergeant Howard Shoup, formerly of Warners and Metro, who's designing the costumes for the play.

Now that the rehearsal is about to start, the stage has been cleared of all but a half-dozen per- (Please turn to page 86)



Francis Lederer (at left with Miss Bari); fine character actors Akim Tamiroff and Louis Calhern (above and at right) contribute their talents to Benedict Bogeaus' United Artists picturization of Thornton Wilder's novel.



The abandon of wild Spanish dances, the statuesque beauty of Lynn Bari compete for first attention in the new film version, "The Bridge Of San Luis Rey."



BEAUTY and "THE BRIDGE"



Carbon copies! Which is Lyn and which is Lee? The comely Wilde sisters add delightful confusion to romantic complications of Mickey's new comedy. Right, pin-up closeup of twins.



TWIN TROUBLE

No wonder Mickey Rooney's seeing double, with the Wilde Twins on his trail in "Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble"





You can't fool kids! They know the people who love them. That's why Roy Rogers is their idol. He hasn't forgotten the boy he used to be

By Elizabeth B. Petersen

THEY weren't used to treats, those kids jamming Madison Square Garden that Monday afternoon. They weren't like the children who had attended the other rodeo performances—children who were excited, of course, but who took it all more or less in their stride because they were always taken to things children ought to see: Saturday matinées at the movies, the circus when it came to town, hockey games, ice shows, any place they wanted to go.

There weren't any mothers and fathers or adoring aunts and uncles there with them. Instead there were social workers and trained nurses and teachers, one to every five or ten children depending on the need for them. Some had come by subway and some by buses and some in

ambulances, for these were New York's under-privileged children, these were New York's orphaned and crippled and blind and poor children who sat there so expectantly in those tiers and tiers of seats, waiting for Roy Rogers and Trigger.

Shouts went up as "The Sons of the Pioneers" entertained before the show opened. They cheered as the parade opened the show, as the cowboys and cowgirls rode by on spirited horses, as the clowns capered over the arena. Howls of excitement greeted the names of the wild horses as the bronco busting began, names they were familiar with in the funnies, Barnacle Bill and Dick Tracy and Superman and all those other characters they loved, horses that lived up to their names as they reared and plunged

Roy Rogers remembers when he was a small boy on the Ohio farm, who didn't often have enough money to go to movies to see his idol, Tom Mix. Today Roy entertains kids every chance he gets. Facing page shows him doing his stuff for boys and girls in hospitals, an orphanage, and special children's matinée at Madison Square Garden.

and kicked trying to dislodge their riders.

"Atta boy, Superman!" The cry rose from thousands of throats. "You show him, Superman!"

In one of the front rows a group of children sat together, a small Chinese girl, a little colored boy and girl, an animated youngster of Italian lineage, an eager redhead who couldn't have been anything but Irish. In the back rows sat the blind, as eager as any of the others, with their teachers' rapid descriptions, the snorting of the horses, the yipp-ees of the cowboys making it as vivid to them as it was to the others. And the children wearing braces or with crutches leaning against their seats were starry-eyed as they watched the exciting action, at the men leaping on horses or being thrown. For a little while they were running and leaping and riding wild broncos too.

There were screams of delight as the clown with the big white horse took the center of the ring, the horse that was as much of a clown as his master, falling over and then rearing again, prancing and pawing the tan-bark, the horse that had once been under-privileged too. For it was mechanically lame, that horse that seemed able to do anything. The clown had bought him from a peddler for twenty dollars because his days of usefulness seemed over and then had painstakingly trained him. It would have been an inspiration to those among the children who were crippled to know about that horse and to realize how intelligence can triumph over physical handicaps.

Ever since the show started there had been that shouting and laughter. Now there was suddenly silence as the arena was cleared and a spotlight picked up one of the entrances from back-stage. Then the cry rose: "Roy Rogers! Roy Rogers! Roy Rogers!"

This was what they had been waiting for. All the rest had been just marking time. For now it was evident how thousands of children's voices really sound. Those other times, why, they were almost like whispers compared to the thunder of that cheer. Roy Rogers' fans were giving him an ovation that would have made even Frank Sinatra blink his eyes in amazement.

It was different from any other fan worship. There wasn't the hysteria of Sinatra fans swooning before their idol, there wasn't the awe glamor girls and boys are held in. It was like a little girl or boy greeting a big brother or favorite uncle, mixed with the hero worship of a superior being and magnified by all those thousands of voices greeting Roy.

And it was as big a moment for Roy
(Please turn to page 60)



ROY ROGERS

MEETS

HIS

FANS



Pretty Please!

Bill Powell and Maggie, the personality pup, clown for Hedy Lamarr





Lovely Lamarr—in a scene from "The Heavenly Body," in which she co-stars with William Powell, registers sweet surprise as only our Hedy, the cameraman's delight and pride, can do.

Powell plays an astronomer whose private life with his wife (Miss Lamarr) becomes complicated when he discovers a new comet—the "heavenly body" in the title of M-G-M's new romantic comedy.





Listen, Sinatra fans! Give Dick Haymes a chance! Newest Broadway boy to crash movies, Dick is starred in "Four Jills And A Jeep," finds Hollywood studio and home life quiet and peaceful after New York night clubs and bands

Crooner at Home



Settled down in his first real home since he hit the high road to fame, young Haymes and his pretty wife, the former Joanne Marshal, model and night-club lovely, pose for their first home pictures. Dick has already decided he prefers Hollywood's saner working hours and outdoor life. He brought along his fine collection of records, both classical and swing; he plays a good piano, enjoys his modest (rented) home. Twentieth Century-Fox have some big things in store for their new singing boy.



On this page, Miss Garson wears lounging pajamas of heavy crepe—the narrow trousers deep purple, the fitted tunic pale lavender, with an uneven row of self-covered buttons down the front.

Starring sequins, at right, on facing page. Greer's short evening dress of dark brown crepe embroidered in bronze sequins shows off the star's beautiful red hair. This gown, from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Also from Saks-Fifth Avenue, royal blue dressmaker suit with overblouse striped in pink, blue and black, right below. Far right, gown of non-priority lace in navy blue, with sculptured sleeves and low neckline.

66 *First Lady* 99
Fashions

Screen's "First Lady,"
Greer Garson, star of
"Madame Curie,"
dramatizes new styles



Gossip by Weston East
Candid by Jean Duval



HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

Beauty quartette, above, at "Command Performance": Judy Garland, Ginny Simms, Shirley Ross, Dinah Shore. Left to right, below, Ginny and Judy scan script, repair makeup; Carmen Miranda and Harry James clown at the Canteen.





Gay gathering at the Mocambo, left, includes Bill Lundigan, now in Uncle Sam's big show; best girl Marguerite Chapman; Victor Mature, Anne Shirley, Virginia Field. Far left, George Tobias, Janet Blair, Rosalind Russell and Brian Aherne at first anniversary of Screen Guild.

IF THERE'S one thing Bette Davis won't tolerate, it's pity. She'd never let you know it, but she's really one of the loneliest girls in Hollywood. A picture of the late Arthur Farnsworth sits right on her dressing table, at home and in her portable on the set. During unguarded moments, Bette's eyes automatically seek out that picture. The one at the studio is autographed, "To Bess, with all my love." It's that love she is no longer able to give in return that is causing Bette's darkest moments. May the sun shine soon again.

SUCH baby talk going on in Hollywood these days! Ann Sothorn and her Lieutenant-husband, Robert Sterling, have the welcome mat out, hoping the stork will see it. Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford have selected a name already—in case "it" happens. Dorothy Lamour is hoping, too. Who said the war hasn't changed things?

SOMEWHERE overseas there's a big surprise in store for our deserving boys. Humphrey and Mayo Bogart are on their way over with a USO unit. A wonderfully amusing act they've cooked up too! Just before they left, Bob Hope sent them a list of things to take along and things they wouldn't need. And Bob should know.

NOW Hollywood knows why Maureen O'Hara broke dates at the last min-

ute and behaved in such a mysterious fashion. Maureen and her husband, Will Price, are expecting the stork next spring. Yes, they are slightly hysterical with happiness.

CESAR ROMERO is paying Hollywood a visit, probably his last for a long time to come. He expects to be given a new and important assignment. While here, "Butch" ushered at his Coast Guard pal, Richard Quine's wedding to Susan Peters. Hollywood hasn't been the same since Uncle Sam took up 20th's option on Cesar. May he be back with us soon. Yes, Virginia Bruce hopes so too!

THE George Murphys were hoping and praying for a little daughter. Young Dennis Michael Murphy wanted a baby sister. So the little lady received a royal reception. For the first week after she came home from the hospital, Mrs. Murphy saw all her friends. Each in turn always asked Dennis how he liked his little sister. One night when he came home from the studio, George found his son looking troubled. When he asked why the scowl, Dennis replied, "Everyone keeps asking me how I like my new sister. Why don't they ask *her* how she likes *me*!"

ACTUALLY, that sarong Dorothy Lamour wears in "Rainbow Island" requires nine stitches to keep it where it should be kept. That old one about a stitch in time saves nine really applies in this case.

BOB HOPE was telling Bing Crosby about his new contract with Paramount. "They must like me," said Bob. "But there's one thing that bothers me. I notice the producer's pats on the back are getting lower and lower!"

REMEMBER Gordon Jones, who played the "wreck" in "My Sister Eileen?" He's now a Captain, somewhere in Persia. When Jack Benny went overseas recently, Gordon was assigned to handle Jack's company. They had never met in Hollywood. Gordon, who was starving for news from home, really had a field day. He writes back that Benny gave shows in sand storms and under the most gruelling conditions. To quote Gordon, "The boys will never forget Jack Benny. He made them laugh and he never stopped trying. To us he is the greatest guy in Hollywood."

FEELING gay and adventurous, Alexis Smith, looking like anything but a

Seen around Hollywood: Janie Wyman, Lt. Ronald Reagan Bob Hope and Cary Grant, awaiting their turn to entertain at Hollywood Canteen. Carole Landis and Roddy McDowall greeting Commander Anthony Kimmins of the Royal Navy at National War Fund Drive held in Hollywood Bowl.





Jane Withers' informal party for servicemen is event of the week for Hollywood's younger set. Top left, Jane serves a soda to Joan Leslie. Left, hostess gets dunked by guest Pvt. Joe E. Brown, Jr., in Jane's own swimming pool. Above, Joan jumps in. Top right, Marcy McGuire, Peggy Ryan, and hepcat Withers listen to Leonard Sues. Right, barbecued spareribs and corn—yum! Below, cute clown, Peggy Ryan, cuts up.



movie star, consulted a fortune teller. For fully half an hour the woman dealt the cards. Finally, in a serious and triumphant tone, she said, "I can see a wonderful career ahead. You will make an excellent—gym teacher!"

SO QUIET were the proceedings, the Robert Cummings' divorce almost escaped the papers. Hollywood has never known Bob very well. But it has always been the impression that Bob and his

Vivian were ideally happy with their unspotlighted existence. Bob, like Pat Knowles, is devoting all his time to instructing Army Air Force cadets at the Mira Loma Flight Academy. He isn't allowing his personal unhappiness to interfere with the good work he is doing for his country.

LAIRD CREGAR is on his last thirty pounds and then he'll be ready for that operation. He's already dropped

eighty pounds, so this gives you an idea of what a big boy he really was. On the other hand, Gary Cooper can't gain a pound. Cary Grant drinks cream when he can get cream, to do it. Life, she is very peculiar!

IDA LUPINO has driven a car for twelve years and never been given a traffic ticket. She got her first one recently — for jaywalking on Hollywood Boulevard!





NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

*Hilda
Holder*

*Richard D.
Davis*

She rivets Navy
planes at Glenn L.
Martin, Baltimore

He is overseas
—somewhere in
the Pacific

ALL KINDS OF WAR JOBS are waiting to be filled—in transportation, stores, war plants, restaurants. Check Help Wanted ads—then consult your local U. S. Employment Service

A DORABLY PRETTY,

Hilda Holder is another charming Pond's engaged girl, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Holder of one of North Carolina's first families . . .

"Dick enlisted two months before Pearl Harbor—I wanted to be doing something necessary, too," Hilda says, "so I found my job helping to build planes.

"I get up at 4:00 A.M., and don't get back home until 4:00 P.M. It seemed outlandish at first, but now I like it. I do have to watch out for my complexion, though.

"I give my face a good Pond's creaming after work every day so I'm certain-sure there's no greasy dirt clogging up my pores. Lots of the girls keep a big jar of Pond's at the plant. I guess they love it the way I do."

Hilda beauty cleans her face with Pond's like this: She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat and pats briskly

to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. She "rinses" with more Pond's, swirling her white-coated fingers around in little spirals. Tissues off again. Her face feels "perfectly lovely" she says, "so extra clean, so nice to touch."

Yes—it's no accident engaged girls like Hilda, exquisite society leaders like Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco, and Britain's Lady Grenfell delight in this soft-smooth cream. Ask for a big, luxurious jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Use it every night, every morning—for daytime clean-ups, too!



HILDA'S RING— the diamond is set in a hand-wrought design on a slim gold band

**SHE'S
ENGAGED !

SHE'S
LOVELY !**



HILDA'S EXQUISITE COMPLEXION has that appealing baby-clear look every girl wants. "Pond's Cold Cream is the only beauty care I use," she says. "I keep a big jar in my locker at the plant—and a big jar at home."



ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR! It's more patriotic to buy large sizes, saves glass and manpower. (You may see different color "war caps" on Pond's jars now—but Pond's Cold Cream is the same lovely quality!)

**SHE

USES

POND'S !**

TODAY—MANY MORE WOMEN USE POND'S THAN ANY OTHER FACE CREAM AT ANY PRICE
SCREENLAND

Roy Rogers Meets His Pals

Continued from page 48



Lucia
Carroll
Beautiful
Hollywood Star

try a new Complexion

Give yourself the glamour that makes hearts beat faster, with TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP. You'll know why this flattering new make-up is a Hollywood favorite. It veils beauty-marring blemishes . . . gives smooth complexion loveliness without the slightest made-up appearance — or any skin-drying effect whatever. See how different your face looks—how radiantly alive with a soft, youthful glow!

You'll find that TAYTON'S CAKE MAKE-UP goes on just right in a new easy way and stays on beautifully. Your complexion keeps that adorable freshness for hours without retouching! The six exclusive TAYTON shades were created in nearest-to-skin matching tones—tested with Technicolor movie films, also in both daylight and artificial light. Get your perfect shade and glorify your complexion the Hollywood way.



as it was for the kids. Ever since he came East he had been waiting for this performance, talking about it as if it were he who was going to get the thrill, not the kids. For he's as eager about his fans as they are about him.

Before lunch that day he had stopped at his hotel desk for his mail, and a goodly pile it was too. There was a telegram that had elated him saying his pigeons had won the Los Angeles Concourse, the biggest prize of the year. There was a letter from his four-year-old daughter Cheryl Darlene telling how baby sister Linda Lou insisted upon tearing up all the drawings she was making for daddy and that even grandpa and grandma couldn't stop her and how she missed him and mommy. But Roy didn't show any more interest in that telegram or letter than he did in those sent by children he had never seen, letters covered with finger marks and some written in childish scrawls that would have been practically undecipherable to anyone else. But not to Roy. He knows his kids. You felt that as he chuckled over the letters and read passages aloud.

"Doggone!" he cried when he opened that telegram, for Roy's pigeons are his joy and he's awfully proud of the ones he's trained for the U. S. Armed Forces. And—"Doggone, that Linda Lou," he grinned as he read Cheryl's unintentionally amusing letter. "She's a caution, that one is!" And that same "doggone" and delighted chuckle accompanied the extracts from the other letters revealing an impartiality that showed how he felt about all children, not just his own.

He was the same way about those kids in the Garden. It was almost as though all those thousands of children were his own two little girls and they were just a little group together. It was almost uncanny the way he made it seem that he wasn't in the center of the stage at all and the kids weren't up there in the audience, but they were all together in a small intimate circle. He reduced even the gigantic proportions of Madison Square to a children's playroom.

Trigger seemed to know it was special too, and gave a performance that left them all breathless. For Trigger is a ham, no doubt about that, so susceptible to applause that he sneaks bows long before he's supposed to. You'd never know today that Trigger was a sickly colt when Roy got him, picking him because he looked as if he needed a mighty lot of attention if he was ever to grow up.

A golden palomino, with eyelashes a glamor girl would envy, Trigger looks after the prima donna department of the Rogers family. His beautiful tooled leather trappings, inlaid with beaten silver, are equivalent in horsey circles to gowns by Adrian and Irene in well-dressed star circles, and unlike most stars he hasn't one stand-in, but three.

"Pavements are hard on horses' hoofs when they're not used to 'em," Roy explains. "So I use the other horses in street parades or for rehearsing before a scene is shot. Sometimes I've used them

in pictures if Trigger is feeling poorly."

Trigger knew he had a good audience that day. His lips curved back over his teeth in a grin as the children counted with him as he did his adding and subtracting stunt. And when he and his master acted out the scene where Roy, supposedly wounded by outlaws' bullets, falls dying to the ground, he almost forgot to kneel in his heady appreciation of the children's gasps.

When Roy sang, the children sang with him, their voices lifting most enthusiastically of all for *Pistol Packin' Mama*. And again there was that closeness between them and Roy as he shifted his tempo so they could join in more easily.

For Roy knows what hero worship means to a kid. He had a bad case of it himself when he was a youngster and Tom Mix was his idol. He knows what it means too, not to have the fun other kids have, for many and many were the times Roy knew a Tom Mix picture was playing in the town thirteen miles away and he couldn't get to go.

For the Rogers family didn't have money. They lived on a small farm near Duck's Run, Ohio, a farm that couldn't possibly support the family, so Roy's father worked in the shoe factory in Portsmouth, thirteen miles away. He came home only weekends and most of the chores around the farm fell to Roy since he was the only "man" on the place. His three sisters helped his mother around the house and took care of the chickens and milking but the real burden fell on him. His day of ploughing and harrowing and haying began at four in the morning, and he didn't own a pair of shoes until he was almost grown.

"It didn't hurt me none," he grins today. "The bottoms of my feet were like elephant hide and they sure got toughened up, but when people talk about tired or hurting feet I just don't know what they mean."

When Roy was thirteen he had his biggest thrill when his father was able to buy a retired race horse. The horse was too old for the track but for all that he was far ahead of the farm horses in the community, and Roy riding him won all the kid's races in the neighborhood.

He'd learned to ride before that on the mule that did the hauling about the place and Roy'll never forget that night his brother-in-law was away and his mother woke him up and he had to ride the mule four miles to the nearest telephone to call the doctor and tell him his oldest sister's baby was about to arrive any minute. Roy was only twelve then.

Roy knows today that going without things has helped him, that it was those family sing-songs, when they had to entertain themselves if they wanted fun and they sang the songs especially dear to people who live outside of cities—the pioneer songs and the songs of the plains, *Home on the Range* and the Stephen Foster melodies — that developed his voice and gave him that feeling for American folk songs which is responsible for his career today.

"A LUX girl?"

You bet I am! It's the soap that leaves skin SWEET"



"I love the way my daily Lux Soap beauty bath leaves my skin flower-fresh, delicately perfumed," says charming Paulette Goddard. "It makes daintiness *sure*."

Screen stars know if a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts. They depend on Lux Toilet Soap's creamy ACTIVE lather that removes every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin feeling satiny-smooth and soft. Try this fragrant luxurious beauty bath!

PAULETTE GODDARD

Charming Star of Paramount's
"STANDING ROOM ONLY"



YOU can be sure of daintiness, the charm that men adore. A daily Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath leaves your skin fresh and *sweet*—perfumed with a delicate flowerlike fragrance.

DON'T WASTE SOAP

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

"A CANARY'S SONG
IS SUNSHINE
THAT LIGHTS-UP
ANY HOME"

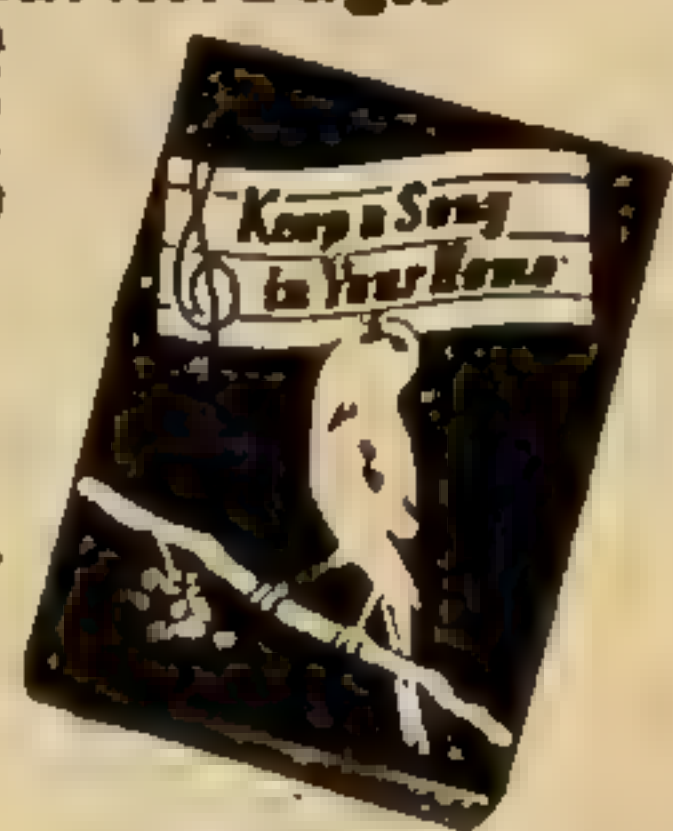


ANN RUTHERFORD
20th Century-Fox Star Appearing in
"HAPPY LAND"

Are you longing for a bit of extra sunshine these dark and troubled days? Then buy a Canary — and let his happy song light-up your home!

Get a Canary today! Learn to talk to him, and have him answer you in song. You'll thrill to his cheery response that helps drive away care and makes you feel like singing, too.

FREE! Every lover of pets will want French's superb new book about Canaries, just off the press. Specially posed photographs—some in full-color—of famous Hollywood stars with their Canaries. Pages of human-interest stories about the only pet that sings. Send for FREE copy—TODAY! Simply mail your request—with name and address—on a penny post card, to The R. T. French Company, 2568 Mustard St., Rochester 9, N. Y.



IN HOLLYWOOD

4 out of 5 Canary Owners
demand FRENCH'S BIRD SEED



Keep your Canary happy, healthy and singing! FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Feed your Canary FRENCH'S—today and every day!

LARGEST-SELLING BIRD SEED
IN THE U. S.

For when Roy sang at parties after he grew up, accompanying himself on the discarded guitar someone had thrown away; the guitar he had restrung and fixed up himself, he discovered people liked the way he sang and wondered if maybe he couldn't help the family more by going into the entertainment field than working with his dad in the shoe factory.

He teamed up with Bob Nolan and Tim Spencer and they started the now famous cowboy band known as the Sons of the Pioneers, which grew until it had four more members. Things didn't prosper too well with the boys, their earnings for singing in small towns and over local radio stations didn't add up to much when it was divided among the seven of them. Sometimes all it gave them was enough for a pack of cigarettes apiece and they went hungry more times than any of them want to remember. One trip in particular had been so unsuccessful that they talked about splitting up. It was Roy, and the hand of fate must have pointed his decision, who talked them into going on to their next spot, Roswell, New Mexico.

When they lined up before the mike in the small radio station, they were so hungry that talk of food took the place of their usual ad libbing, and a girl named Arlene Wilkins who had heard Roy sing her favorite song, *The Swiss Yodeler*, the evening before telephoned in and said she'd make him a lemon pie if he'd sing it again that evening.

Roy did and the girl and her mother were parked outside the studio waiting when the broadcast was over and gave him not one lemon pie but two. Roy never forgot that pie or the girl either, and two years later she came to Los Angeles to marry him.

Most young couples have their ups and downs but in the case of the young Rogerses it was all downs. Arlene, too proud to let her family, who had thought she was too young to marry anyway, know how tough things were for them wrote enthusiastic letters home telling about Roy's triumphs while she cooked, if she was lucky, the hamburgers the Sons of the Pioneers had pooled their earnings to buy. It was share and share alike in those days, and afterwards after Roy became famous it's still share and share alike. That's the kind of guy that Rogers is. For his contracts stipulate

that the Sons of the Pioneers appear in his Republic pictures and his other appearances.

For Roy doesn't forget things easily; maybe that's the heritage of his Indian grandmother. He hasn't forgotten that little boy he used to be, the small boy who either had to work or didn't have the money any time a Tom Mix picture or the circus or any other exciting event was taking place in town. Just as he hasn't forgotten the children growing up today who don't have the fun others more fortunate do.

That's why, whatever town Roy Rogers happens to be in, he asks first off where the hospital and orphan asylum are and goes to them to give performances. He doesn't forget reformatories either, figuring the line between a boy's or girl's being good or bad can sometimes be drawn as finely as the line between opportunity and lack of it.

No one asks Roy to go to these places. He always volunteers. Even in New York, crowded as his days were with afternoon and evening performances, with studio conferences and interviews and radio and bond drive appearances, that special children's matinee at the Garden wasn't enough for him. He and Trigger and the Sons of the Pioneers made special appearances in the children's section of Bellevue Hospital and at the New York Infirmary for Women and Children and gave the same performances they did at the Garden.

For Roy loves kids. He understands them.

"Shut off that spot and turn on the house lights!" he shouted when he began his act. "I want to see all those boys and girls up there!"

And don't think the kids didn't love the idea that Roy wanted to see them every bit as much as they wanted to see him! Then afterwards with the close of the show Roy and Trigger rode around the arena, shaking hands with every kid who could crowd close enough and even those who couldn't were shaking their own hands, pretending it was real with some of them grinning from ear to ear and others almost crying in their excitement.

Arlene Rogers, sitting in one of the boxes, brushed her hand across her own eyes. "You can't fool kids," she said. "Not at more than you can an animal. They know the people who love them."

A Gentleman Named Smith

Continued from page 41

on hot Sunday mornings. He digs his own garden because his wife insists, and he's shy with strangers.

But soon as you have him nicely settled in the Great American Rut, he turns right around and gives out with acting magic in a string of specials like "Forever And A Day," "Hitler's Children," "This Land Is Mine," "The Cat People," and "Three Russian Girls"—which goes to show that you can't take these Smith characters literally. Some of them turn out to be governors and novelists, cough drop manufacturers—and actors!

This particular Smith came out of New York City and the legitimate theater to slip quietly into Hollywood, whip right out with five terrific credits in less than a year, and find his contract shared by several worthy concerns, notably RKO and Hunt Stromberg Productions, both of whom clasp their hands together tidily and purr whenever they think of their boy. Both studios have mighty plans for him—but they're going slowly. Remember, you can't rush things with a Smith.

Probably the only unorthodox thing

You'll never see their Faces—

¶ But you'll thank these thousands of women for telling you why they switched to Modess.

¶ "So soft!" "So comfortable!"
"So utterly safe!" say 8 out of 10 letters!

You'll never know who they are, or where they live.

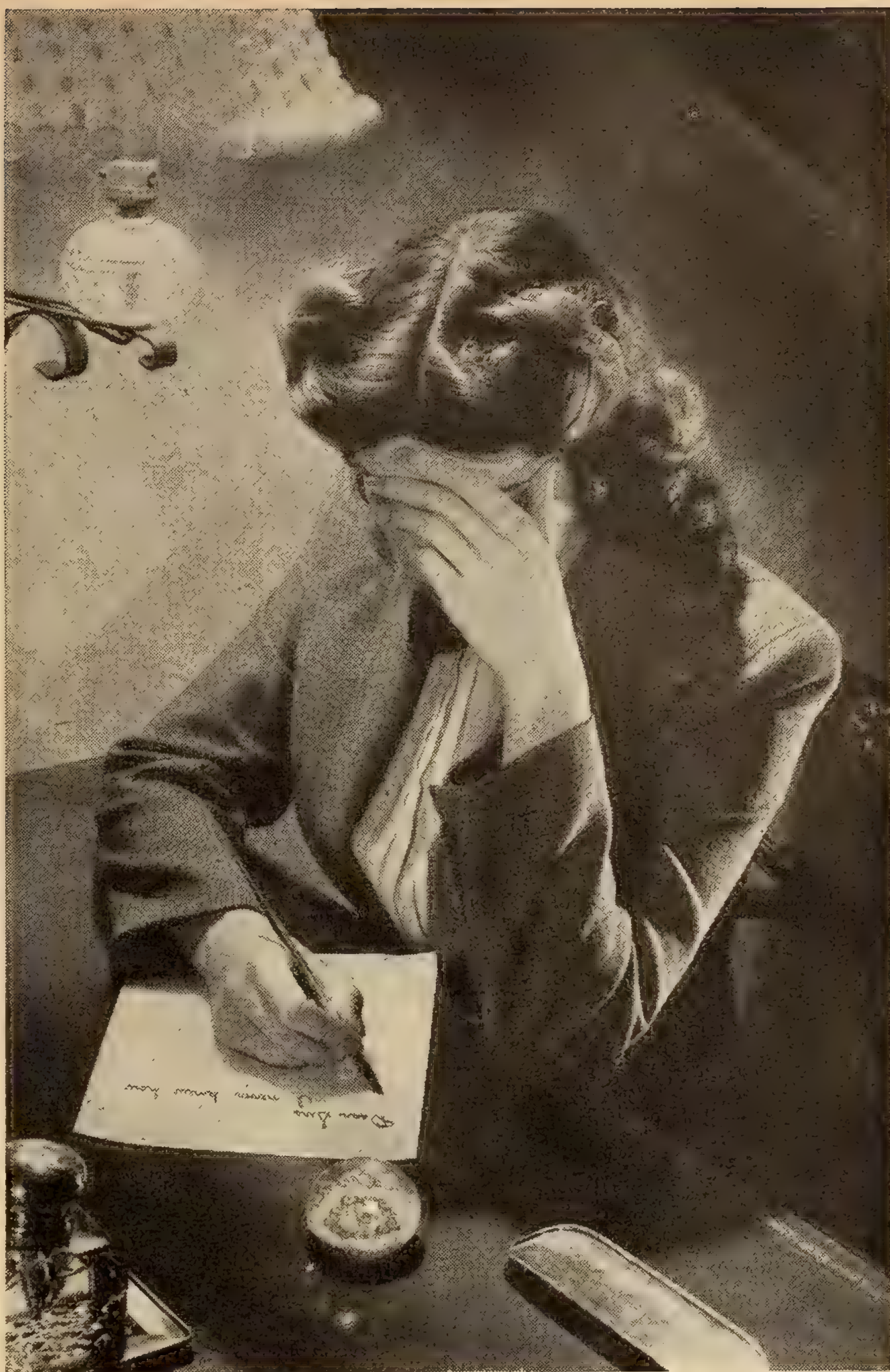
Yet 10,086 women—from all across the country—have done you one of the best turns in the world. Here's why . . .

They had the courage to write—frankly and freely—on a most intimate subject, so that other women could benefit by their experience. Simply, and with complete honesty, these women told *why* they're glad they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins.

During the past few months letters have been coming in from women who had been users of practically every other type and kind of pad. An independent, impartial concern read the letters. And here are the returns:

8 out of 10 women said they're glad they switched to Modess because of its wonderful softness and comfort—its absolute safety!

Read what some of these letters said!



"Modess never chafes. I feel comfortable after wearing it for hours," writes Miss R. C. Yes! Softer Modess adjusts itself to your *own* body. No hard tab ends. No telltale outlines.

"Safer than any other brand for me," Mrs. D. C. praises Modess. The triple, full-length shield at the *back* of every Modess gives *full-way* protection—not just part-way, as some napkins give.



"It's downy softness guarantees all-day comfort!" says Miss M. A. Thanks to its softspun filler, Modess is *softer*—so different from layer-type pads. Is it any wonder that thousands *more* women are switching to Modess all the time?

Aren't *you* busier than ever? . . . Wouldn't you welcome *more* softness, *more* protection? If you haven't tried Modess recently, why not switch *now* and see what a tremendous difference a softer, safer napkin can make?

Discover the Difference!
Switch to

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS



MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky oversize napkins unnecessary. In boxes of 12 napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **MODESS JUNIOR** is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.

Make-up

created by the men
who make up the
Hollywood Stars



ALEXIS SMITH IN
"ADVENTURES OF
MARK TWAIN"
A Warner Bros. Picture



One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty... goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectively hides tiny lines and blemishes... does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin... never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

In 25 and 50 cent
sizes—regardless
of price, you can-
not buy better.



House of
**WESTMORE
MAKE-UP**

Perc Westmore,
Director of Make-up
Warner Bros. Studios,
Hollywood

Kent ever did in his life was to decide flatly, and irrevocably, to become an actor. Up to that time he had been busy being a model youth, going to progressive boys' schools, studying sufficiently to pass averagely—if not brilliantly—going to dancing school, joining secret fraternities, attending Phillips Exeter prep school, then winding up at Harvard. He tells you that he worked for a lobster fisherman up in Maine one summer, mending nets, hauling in the fish, sorting, and scrubbing the boats—"but that still doesn't make me sensational copy, does it?"

Comes now the unconventional part of the Smith saga, where Kent starts reading O'Neill and Chekhov, staying up nights discussing the masters, and meeting up with Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullivan, Bretna Windust, and Joshua Logan—all of whom were kids his age still going to school—but with an eye to the future. To the theater. To Broadway.

That was the summer Kent forgot he could still go up to Maine and make a little money as an assistant lobster fisherman. He forgot, because Jimmy and Hank and Maggy and Josh, and the rest of the stage-struck youngsters around Cambridge, were heading for Cape Cod and a summer full of devotion to the dramatic muse. They were going to start their own stock company—and, of course, revolutionize the entire theatrical profession.

Kent spent most of his time that summer nailing up stage boards and keeping the lights working around Miss Sullivan's interesting face. "And all of us—the men, I mean—wound up with welts on our chests after hard days of nailing thick rope pulleys. I may have a scar or two left—" and if we didn't stop this quiet young Smith, he'd be showing his scars right in the middle of the commissary, at the busiest time of the day! No, he never does anything unconventional. Oh no!

Two summers at Falmouth and the Cambridge cookies headed for Broadway, in mobs. Hank and Maggie got married and scouted producers' offices together, while Jimmy and Josh and Bret pounded it out in singles. Point was, they all attacked Times Square with plenty of starch and demanded that the producers give them jobs. All of them, that is, but Kent Smith—who thought he'd enjoy playing golf over in Long Island a lot more than wearing out good shoe leather on West 44th Street.

His friends shook their heads over him, said, "That Smith will never get anywhere—imagine playing golf in October!"—and saw him eventually ending up a shoe salesman or a stock broker while they, the industrious ones, reaped all the good notices in the New York Times.

Kent wants to tell you, about now, that he wasn't just playing golf all this time—he was playing golf with a theatrical agent! And making himself so downright likeable that the agent fixed him up with an introduction to David

Belasco. "After all the golfing we'd done, the least he could do was bring me to the best," adds Kent, lifting his eyebrows, mock dandy-fashion. "David Belasco, no less." And Belasco came through with a job for him, too—the rôle of Jesus Christ, in a play starring Clark Gable. Need we add that Stewart and Fonda and Fonda and Logan sat out the winter, jobless, wondering how lazy, golf-playing Kent Smith got that way.

That was the first time Kent played the figure of Christ on the stage. He was to play it three times more during a period of ten years until—finally—in the play "Jeremiah," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was to look around at this tall, well-cut chap, this-what's-his-name?-oh-yes-Smith fellow, and bring him out to Hollywood. Kent knew it would come some day. So did Hollywood. But there was no rush about it. Neither side was in any hurry. By the time Kent made Culver City his chums from Cambridge were already celebrated—and Jimmy Stewart even had an Academy Award thrown in for his trouble. But Kent doesn't work that way. He needed a lot of Broadway first, he needed what acting opposite Katharine Cornell could give him, he needed what starring in a Maxwell Anderson original could offer, he needed playing leading man to Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood in "Old Acquaintance"—and then it was that Hollywood stepped in. And only then did Kent think he was ready.

Once in Hollywood, Kent did a beautiful six-months sitting-out job. He managed to get to the beach once or twice a week, get in quite a bit of golf, start a Victory garden, and go bicycling all over town—because the studio didn't give him anything else to do. "Oh, once or twice they'd call me in for a test," Kent says, "but everybody was so easy-going and casual that we never got around to getting me into a picture."

Then RKO thought they'd like to own him for a while, and bought out the M-G-M interests. Which meant only that Kent changed his business address—and kept right on swimming during office hours. RKO, you see, wasn't rushing either. Until they needed a solid-looking, clean-cut American for a series of government training films and remembered their boy, Smith. "Come to work," they said, "you go into uniform in the morning."

That went on for more months—until one of the alert producers cast a narrowed eye and set him up for a little dilly to be called "The Cat People." "A part," Kent explains, "where I marry a lovely girl and never get to kiss her because she's afraid she'll turn into a cat!"

He mumbled "Is it art?" all through the shooting—but when the notices came in and people began to pass him on the street hissing "kit-kit-kit-kit," Kent Smith knew he was in. Strange fame—but fame, nonetheless.

"Ha-ha, you never even got to kiss her," the kids on his block call as Kent comes cycling home these days. And he puffs up with pride—"I'm a movie actor. I am being recognized."

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Deanna at the Crossroads

Continued from page 31

A year ago, Deanne couldn't have done the rôle. Today, she can. That's because she has become a woman. From here on out, she will discard the early themes and the early plots, just as girls discard the dresses of adolescence and boys put on long trousers. Like all growing people, she has passed an age, and she never will be able to go back to it—nor will those who have since 1935 cherished her in such rôles ever see her in them again.

At the same time, the romance with Vaughn Paul is over, and so is the marriage. Deanna, who does things coolly and calmly and deliberately in real life—she always makes sure of her ground before she takes a step, and then never retreats after it is taken—issued the following statement:

"It is with deep regret that Mr. Paul and I have found it impossible to continue our marriage. As a result I am taking legal steps to have the marriage terminated.

"Our marriage was embarked upon with all the sincerity and hopes that should go with marriage, but circumstances that neither of us has been able to solve now make it imperative to part to assure our individual welfare and happiness."

That statement is indicative of the real Deanna Durbin. Written by anyone

else, it would mean very little. Coming from her, it tells the complete truth. The most significant line is "Our marriage was embarked upon with all the sincerity and hopes that go with marriage." Certainly, Deanna gave her heart and her soul to it. She did from the very beginning.

It is safe to say that Deanna, when she married Vaughn Paul April 18, 1941, at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, entered into the covenant with all the fineness, the sincerity, and the roseate dreams that any young girl could have. Her attitude was a beautiful thing, but it was unfortunate.

The Hollywood grapevine has been loaded with gossip ever since the filing of the divorce. Today, as this is written, all of the cheap little stories have died aborning. They just didn't get anywhere. Talk of another love, talk of separate interests, and a hundred and one other choice morsels didn't get anywhere, simply because they weren't true.

The fact is simply that Deanna was "in love with love." Look around you carefully and you will see countless examples of that phrase and what it can lead to. Some women, falling in love with a person of opposite sex at a very early age, never having dates with anyone else, never knowing anyone else, can

achieve a lasting marriage—but such women are in the minority.

Deanna's one and only mistake was that she was romantic, in love, sincere, and that she knew only one man. She went into life's store with a blindfold on, loosened it only to see one piece of merchandise, and said: "I'll take that."

It is natural, considering the careful, almost cloistered upbringing which she had—her parents had never paid any attention to motion pictures, never sought to get Deanna into them, and her discovery by an agent was close to a miracle—that Deanna should have a fine, genuine idea about marriage and what it meant. At the same time, thinking of her as a child star doing little but make motion pictures, it is easy to understand that she thought that real life was just as lovely and gay and honest as the plots of the pictures in which she appeared.

She never really knew any man other than Vaughn Paul—except her father. She was 13 when her fame spread through the Manchester district of Los Angeles—a fame based on her beautiful voice, heard almost exclusively in church, and in neighborhood festivals. When she first was placed under contract, after Agent Jack Sherrill had found her, she was to play Madame Schumann-Heink as a girl. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gave her a six month contract, and she was dropped when the great diva became ill and the picture was cancelled.

Universal signed her, and she attended school in the famous Little Red School-

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REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

house at Universal, always carefully chaperoned by her parents and by her sister, Edith, a schoolteacher, who had financed her voice instruction. Universal decided to make "Three Smart Girls," and Nan Grey, who subsequently married Jockey Westrope and retired from pictures, and Barbara Read were chosen as the other two girls. Henry Koster, the director, was told he could have a kid named Durbin for number three. He met the girl, said: "I can't use her. She's afraid of her own shadow. She's afraid of the microphone. She's afraid of people. She's afraid of me."

But Deanna's voice "got" him. He took her into his home, played games with her, made her like him. Mrs. Koster baked her cookies. After a week of this, they got Deanna in front of a microphone, and she did a very creditable job—in that she made the picture.

Jump over a few pictures and a few years to 1938. Deanna was then 16, and she had just finished her fourth picture, "That Certain Age." A young man of 23, Vaughn Paul, son of Universal's then executive producer, and himself a second assistant director, was invited to swim, with the rest of the crew, in the Durbin pool in the Los Feliz district.

After the party was over, Deanna said

to Vaughn: "Maybe you'd like to come back on Labor Day and swim alone."

He accepted the invitation. That was Deanna's first date. A series followed. At no time did Deanna ever look at another young man. From that time on, it was Deanna and Paul. The romance lasted for two and a half years, and culminated that April evening in 1941 in marriage.

From the time of the wedding until the divorce, Deanna made absolutely no comments of any kind at the studio about her domestic life. Hollywood, which is soft beneath a varnished patina, sighed happily, folded its hands in its lap and said: "At last, we have a perfect marriage."

Vaughn had worked his way up to an associate producership when he married Deanna. They built a lovely home in Brentwood, and the couple moved in. The Durbins, with the loss of their daughter, moved to a smaller place, selling the Los Feliz home.

Then, with the entry of the United States into the World War, Vaughn felt he should do his part. He secured a commission in the Navy.

After the marriage, Vaughn and Deanna were seen considerably at night clubs. Deanna, it must be remembered,

had led a very cloistered life. She had reached ninth grade, had been attending junior high school, when she had attracted the attention of Sherrill. From that time on, she was either acting, or attending school, or both. Marriage gave her her first chance to see the outside world—a fabulous place she read about in newspaper columns and trade papers.

Then, as our war effort got under way, they were seen less frequently. They were settling down to the routine of married life. Besides, a great deal of Deanna's own time was devoted to war work—an Army camp tour, radio broadcasts, the Hollywood Canteen.

One of the rumors which ran rife just after the announcement by Deanna was that a diversity of interests might have been the reason for the end of the idyll. Nothing could be further from the truth. While Vaughn had received his commission in the Navy and was on active duty, he was stationed at Los Angeles, and there was no separation of any kind—that type of separation which leads people to say that because a man and a wife are apart, new interests are inclined to develop. So that one didn't hold water, either.

Deanna, today, won't talk. She has nothing more or less to say about her marriage than she ever did. The real Deanna today is so much like the screen Deanna that it is impossible for her closest friends, or the millions who know her as she appears in motion pictures, to imagine her making any comment of any kind.

Nor have her parents anything to say. They are Canadians of the upper-middle-class stratum, who know how to raise children and who understand the worth-while things in life. They'd passed that philosophy on to their daughter, who is inherently a lady. And, after all, there's nothing to tell. It's all in that statement, general as it may seem.

They have never pushed Deanna. Knowing Mr. and Mrs. James Durbin, you can't imagine either of them exploiting Deanna in any way. They let her elder sister, who is also Deanna's closest friend, choose her own life and her life work. They let Deanna do the same thing. Their policy has been strictly "hands off" as long as Deanna played according to their principles and ethics.

So the chapters are closed—the domestic chapter and the career chapter. In short, Deanna has grown up, she's going ahead to do grown-up parts. She's grown up, and she's found that real-life isn't at all like the movies, that there are unhappiness and tears and disappointments which she has to face as she grows older.

Today, Deanna will talk about her career and nothing else. "I've things to do and places to go, and I'm going to do and go," she says. "I didn't like to work in pictures at first, because I was sort of afraid of them. Today I'm not afraid. I like to act, and I feel I can act."

"I realize that ahead of me lie new and different parts, designed to fit me as I am today and as I will be tomorrow. I have learned one distinct lesson. You can't turn back, you can't re-capture things that have gone, and so there's nothing left to do but to go ahead."

Are You in the Know?



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- ☐ Round

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- ☐ "Capt. Smith, this is Lieut. Brown"
- ☐ "Miss Brown, may I present Capt. Smith"
- ☐ Lieut. Brown, Capt. Smith"

Learn your military P's and Q's! When introducing army officers, mention the one with higher rank *first*—even if the other is a woman. "Captain Smith, this is Lieutenant Brown" is correct (and don't address the Wac as "Miss"!). Knowing your army etiquette is a social must, these wartime days. On difficult days, too, you can preserve your "social security"—by guarding your personal daintiness with Quest. Remember, Quest powder is the *Kotex* deodorant. It keeps you confident, dainty without doubt.



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Quiz Kid Crashes Hollywood

Continued from page 22

to be caught by a swarm of people, he glimpsed a high picket fence and before you could say "Universal!" he was shining up a tree to see what was behind the fence. To his delight it was a dog, which completely absorbed him while the cameramen waited in vain to do their stunts. By this time the reception committee was completely disorganized.

Joel is not picture-conscious. He has seen but four films in his short life, "Bambi," a newsreel, and two Abbott and Costello comedies, and the only stars he was at all interested in seeing were Bud Abbott and Lou Costello. However, he quickly added one more favorite to his list, for the minute he saw 18-year-old Donald O'Connor he took an impulsive shine to him, following him around and hanging on his every word. This was lucky, for young O'Connor and Peggy Ryan were the youthful stars in "The Third Glory" in which Joel appeared, and all his scenes were with Don.

He doesn't like being fussed over. He has his own technique for eluding people which he uses with firm politeness—he just smiles sweetly and disappears. This doesn't seem to offend. On the contrary, it adds to his charm. And he has great charm.

After the Pasadena episode, the studio decided Joel should visit the sets, meet the cast and director, and so become

familiar with the new environment before he started his own scenes. This proved to be another "jumping bean" session, and hectic for all concerned. The boy paid no attention to the camera or what was happening before it, but raced madly about the big stage exploring every corner. He climbed the narrow stairways to the cat-walks high above the sets, crawled behind scenery, and never once heard the director's call for "Quiet, please!" which is law on a set. After several takes had been ruined, it was the general opinion that Joel had better be sent home for the remainder of the day.

Despite all the fears, the day he made his appearance before the camera he went through two and a quarter pages of script dialogue without missing a word. But Director Charles Lamont didn't print that take for two reasons. The first was because Joel, having been told to shake his head at Donald at a certain point, did it too vigorously—and too long. The second reason was that toward the end of the scene the youngster started to examine a mosquito bite on his knee, while still rattling off his dialogue.

They tried it all over and this time Donald muffed a line. "That makes us even, doesn't it?" asked Joel.

O'Connor, a bit embarrassed, nodded his head, saying, "Let's pick up the cues a little faster, Joel, and perhaps the scene

will play better." Joel gravely considered. "Maybe," he answered slowly, "we both better think about what we are saying, too."

The third try was perfect—the scene ran a minute and forty-five seconds. Joel had taken his baptism of celluloid with flying colors.

Asked if he liked making pictures, he replied, "It's all right, I guess. All you have to do is learn some words and say them while they take your picture."

Donald took him around to visit the various sets, and coming on Orson Welles doing his "Magic Wonder" act for "Three Cheers For The Boys," Joel surprised this grown-up genius by passing him up but concentrating on the white rabbits and guinea-pigs. (Probably because they multiply!) As the boy walked away, Orson observed, "He's as sincere and unspoiled as Albert Einstein."

Marlene Dietrich, fond of children, did her best to interest Joel but with slim results. Coming to the rescue, Mrs. Kupperman said, "This is Miss Dietrich, Joel, and she's your father's favorite." Carefully appraising the beautiful Marlene, Joel shook his head, saying, "No, Mother. You are father's favorite!"

He's very good at minding but I noticed that his mother usually spoke the third time before getting full results. With each she used a different tone and the third demand held a warning note that couldn't be ignored by her son. As in many households, his father's firm word gets instant reaction, and there's an exceptional understanding between them.

Joel came into the world unusually equipped for mental hazards. His father, S. J. Kupperman, structural engineer of the City of Chicago, was an honor student at the University of Illinois, and his mother was formerly a school teacher.

It was when Joel was four that someone told him that two times 13 was 26, and when he repeated this everybody laughed and seemed to think it very remarkable. This aroused his interest in mathematics so his father began teaching him the multiplication table, which fascinated him. Soon father and son were having a mathematical huddle every morning from 8 to 8:15, talking about all kinds of problems and this became such a treat to Joel that if there was need for punishment, this morning privilege was taken from him. Mr. Kupperman plans to write a book on what he has learned with Joel, for the boy's inventive mind has found several short cuts—he calls them his "secret twicks." Oh yes, he lisps in real life exactly as he does on the radio.

When given a problem he's as active physically as he is mentally, and he'll run around the room or climb over a chair, apparently paying no attention to what is going on, yet if you catch his eyes you'll see they are bright with concentration. His mother says he thinks best when standing on his head. Which may account for his amazing gyrations.

Joel is never pushed ahead or made to intensify his studies for his parents want him to be a normal, well-balanced boy. This year he's in 3-B grade at the Volta Public School in Chicago, and will have the same studies as the other children, with the exception of first year algebra.

He likes school, likes his playmates, and it is all fun to him.

At luncheon, he ordered hot dogs, then hamburgers, but because of rationing there was neither, so he asked for a ham sandwich, which he explained was always his "fird" choice. Leaving the commissary he chased and caught a butterfly to add to his collection. While he was admiring his prize, two marines from the "Gung Ho" picture came along and one asked, "Joel, what's the cube root of 6,859?" "Nineteen," replied the wizard, without even looking up to see who asked the question.

The other marine sprang to action with, "What's the cube root of 274,625?" "Sixty-five" Joel called back. He was already chasing another butterfly.

Then along came a girl from the publicity office who asked, "Who was Bacchus, Joel?" "God of wine," he replied.

Girls and women don't interest him. In fact, they bore him. His sister is the one exception. Perhaps this is admiration rather than sentimentality for Harriet is in higher grades and this wins his respect.

They were having a discussion. Said Harriet, "The biggest building in the world is the Empire State Building in New York."

"No," contradicted her brother. "It's the Merchandise Mart in Chicago."

"But the Empire State is taller," persisted Harriet.

"Maybe," conceded Joel. "But the Merchandise Mart is fatter and fatness makes up for bigness." This ended the argument!

For three days a magazine cameraman trailed Joel until growing impatient, the boy said, "Listen. I'm tired taking pictures. I want to relax, and go out and chase butterflies!"

He went with the "Quiz Kids" broadcast while still in kindergarten, when he wrote the sponsors he could add quicker than the corner grocer. These programs are the highlights in his life, the best fun he has. He says he loves Joe Kelly and all the kids. Thirteen-year-old Richard Williams is his hero, and he's positive Richard knows everything.

More than twelve and a half million persons listen to these broadcasts each week and Joel is the outstanding favorite, receiving a big share of the fan mail. The children receive a \$100 Bond each week, so the Kupperman's are making up what he misses on the Sunday programs.

Visiting the Ostrich Farm he was astonished to see a big bird swallow an orange without peeling it, and he watched it go down the long throat. Unafraid, he rode an alligator at the Alligator Farm. He visited Lou Costello at his home in San Fernando, racing all over the place and picking real lemons off the trees. He loved the ocean and developed a fondness for boats. Already he's been given seven miniature craft and he's saving his money to buy a beautiful one that costs a dollar. His allowance is a nickel a day.

Joel is under contract to Jack Skirball, an independent producer, for five pictures, beginning at a salary of \$2,000 per week, which he received for "The Third Glory," and steadily going up to \$5,000. He'll return in January for the second film on this contract.

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Joseph Cotten Turns to Romance

Continued from page 39

to even things up. He "struggled" in his early years.

"I have taken cartons of potato salad to dozens of parties," he said, dipping his fork into his potato salad. "That was back in Florida, in the days when I was a potato salad tycoon. President and treasurer of the Tip-Top Salad Company, no less!"

It seems that Joe went to Florida in the boom days of Miami, when the air was filled with stupendous projects and all God's chilluns were stockbrokers and talked glibly of thousand dollar profits.

Joe was entranced by Miami, and the Tip-Top Salad Company was his own get-rich-quick idea. The enterprise consisted of putting up waxed paper containers of potato salad and selling them to drug stores and to private parties.

The set-up was simplicity itself. Except for a man to deliver the orders by truck, the salad company was strictly a one-man corporation. That is, except when Joe could inveigle Miami debts to spend an evening peeling potatoes. Many a social bud was detoured to Joe's salad factory to help him fill orders before continuing on to the country club. "But this wasn't always satisfactory," Joe remembers. "Most of the girls didn't know anything about cooking and they left eyes in the potatoes. (The factory was one room on the second floor of a store building.)

"I made a big deal by purchasing a million paper cups with the company name on them free. Then I added fruit salad to the company products. The salads went so well that the drugstores woke up to the fact that they could make their own salads." So, being a realist, Joe gracefully retired from the field. "I'll bet there are still at least a half million of those cups floating around Miami, though," he laughed.

Joe was born to a well-to-do and prominent family of Petersburg, Virginia. But blessings of the silver spoon aren't always appreciated. In Joe's case they brought him many knock-down-and-at-'m scraps at school. For Joe epitomized what the well-dressed child of a prominent family should look like. Until he was seven he had long blond curls and wore *Little Lord Fauntleroy* velvet suits even on weekdays. You can imagine his plight at school. The kids delighted in teasing "that snooty Cotten boy."

"I tried all ways to get them to stop, but I finally had to fight it out," Joe remembers. Thus, he developed a pugilistic strain that was, in the beginning, harder on him than it was on the others. But with practice he developed technique and by the time he was through grade school, was fairly proficient at pummeling other boys.

It was during his high school days that Joe came to the conclusion, without the slightest outside influence, that he had acting ability. No one else, it seems, had noticed this blossoming talent in him, but nevertheless, he eventually succeeded in persuading his father to send him to the Hickman School of Expression in Washington, D. C.

There, Joe tells, he lost his Southern drawl and learned to breathe correctly and speak loudly. "We had to speak loudly to be heard above the riveters who were working on the Mayflower Hotel being erected next door to the school," he explains. "But it was wonderful training. For years afterward, no matter what the size of a hall or theater, I never had any difficulty in making myself heard."

For several years, Joe's life was one financial problem after another. He made the rounds of the Broadway producers' offices. Yet he seldom saw more than a reception clerk. The closest he came to meeting a producer in those days was talking to his secretary. Eventually, when his three skimpy meals a day dwindled to one, he accepted a job less artistic than acting, but satisfying at the moment. He became a paint salesman.

After a fair season of paint-selling, he pocketed his savings (\$200) and set out for Florida to seek his fortune at whatever offered. En route, he stopped off at Petersburg to see his family. But two days of celebrating his homecoming left him strapped. He cashed in a life insurance policy he'd bought from his high school English teacher. "Some policy," Joe observed with a laugh. "It got me a passing grade in English and some cash when I needed it."

Joe became the favorite male among Miami's younger social set, with his choice of attractive debts who had their own cars—and gasoline, for company.

Shortly after his potato salad days, he met Lenore Kipp, blonde, bright, socially A-1 and a first-rate concert pianist. She saw him in a little theater play and knew he belonged on Broadway.

So, armed with a letter of introduction to David Belasco, Joe called on the impresario. "He greeted me like a long-lost friend. An open and shut case of mistaken identity, I thought. But the next



Marlene Dietrich and Orson Welles pose in costumes for magic sequence in Universal's "Three Cheers For The Boys." She's holding a cigarette for a friend:

thing I knew, Belasco was taking me all through the theater, and before I left he'd made me understudy to Lynn Overman in 'A Dancing Partner.' I felt kind of shaky when I came out, for after all, this was New York—and Broadway. For the first few weeks, at least, I guess I was the only understudy on record who prayed every night that the star would stay healthy."

Joe and Lenore Kipp were married between shows in 1931, when the actor was a member of the Copley Square Players in Boston. Then came a call to return to Broadway in "Absent Father." And young Cotten was on his way.

The much touted Damon-and-Pythias friendship of Orson Welles and Joe Cotten began when they were working together on a radio program. One of the actors committed a *faux pas* at a serious point in the drama, and both Cotten and Welles laughed uproariously. They were promptly ejected from the studio by an irate official. After dusting themselves off, they gave each other the once-over and decided they could be friends.

Joe still bemoans the fact that he happened to be away the Sunday Welles gave his famous Mars broadcast. "When I heard about it," he says, "I felt as though I were going through life like a taxi driver—just missing everything."

For several seasons life in the theater was more discouraging than otherwise. Then Joe and Welles joined the Federal Theater. (They were among the stellar few who got paid.) Although their efforts produced no outstanding financial returns, they did create a certain amount of public bewilderment which passed for genius in some circles.

To add to his income, Joe modeled for commercial photographers. "One of those collar ads," he explained, "of the 'before and after' type. I was Mr. After then—you know, the fellow who goes out and gets the job because he's wearing the right suit."

Joe was co-starring with Welles in Mercury Theater productions when he was offered the lead opposite Katharine Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story." Joe and the fiery Katie hit it off very well and wound up the season with a hit play.

When Orson Welles came to Hollywood to film "Citizen Kane," he paged Joe for one of the leading rôles. "You just don't say 'no' to Orson," Joe explains, so he came out to take his first fling at motion pictures. "It was exciting," he tells, "for the entire film colony was agog over the revolutionary contract given to Welles. And, of course, speculation as to the outcome of the picture ran wild."

As you know, Joe played *Jedediah*, the critic who started and finished the picture in a wheel chair. When "Kane" was completed, Joe went back to Broadway and the second year of "Philadelphia Story." While he was in New York, Alexander Korda asked him to play the lead opposite Merle Oberon in "Lydia." Joe accepted. Then followed two more pictures for friend Orson, "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "Journey Into Fear." Overnight, studios woke up to the fact that Cotten was a real find, and in one week six studios had contracts all ready for his signature. Cotten signed with David O. Selznick. That was a year

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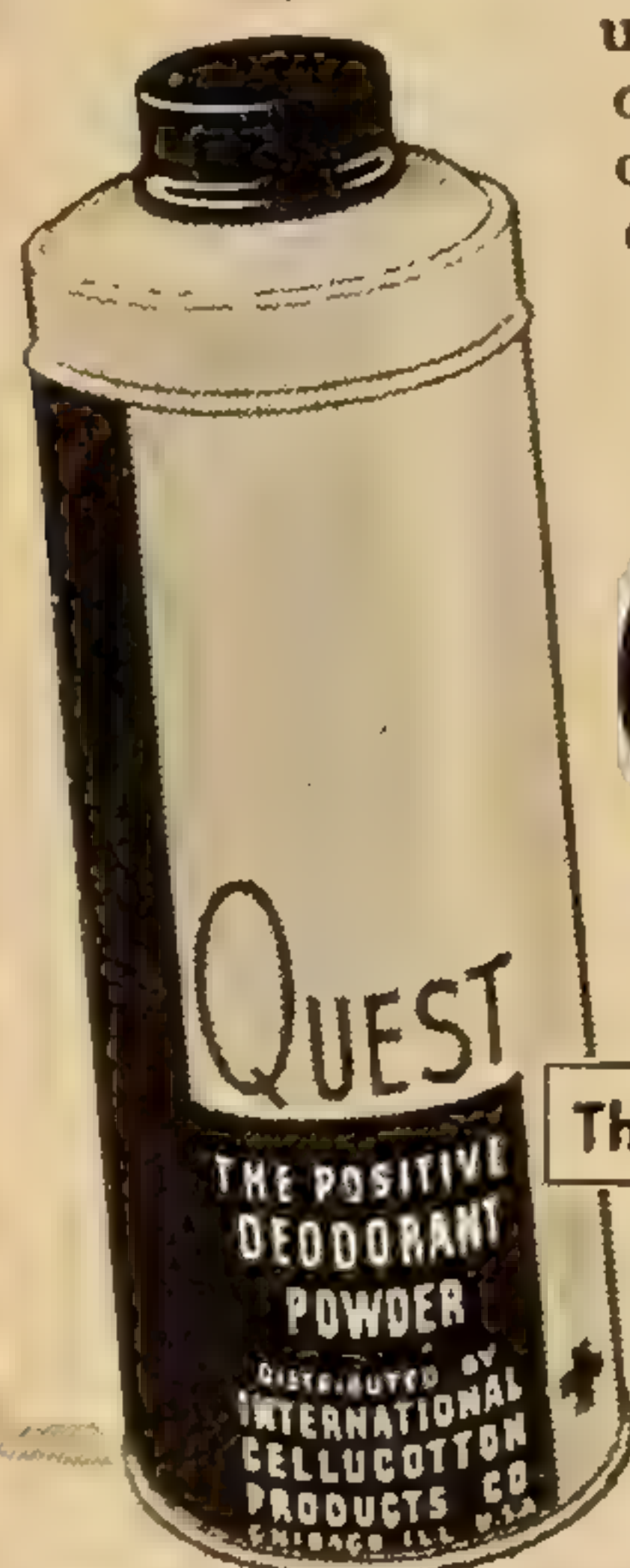
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ago. He has been on loan-out ever since, and Mr. Selznick had quite a time in getting his own star back to play in "Since You Went Away."

"When this picture is finished, you'll probably take a long vacation—at least a week," I proposed.

"This is another one of those 'Gone With The Winds,' Joe grinned. "It promises to go on and on."

"Then perhaps you'll be up for an Academy Award," I suggested cheerfully.

Joe just grinned. "If Mr. Selznick's luck holds—maybe, some day," he said.

A messenger girl arrived on the set. Even though it was a party, she came over to Joe just bristling with business-like efficiency. "M-G-M has been trying to get you, Mr. Cotten. They have one more scene for 'Gaslight,' and since you

are scheduled here every day this week, they wondered if you'd drop over tonight for that one scene."

"Really, Mr. Cotten, you should be two people," I said as he rose to excuse himself.

"It would be nice if he was," sighed the messenger girl with one of those Sinatra gulps. "Mr. Cotten looks sooooo romantic!"

It's a good thing Joe Cotten decided to essay romance—and not hold out on us any longer. In fact, as Joe says, he wanted to all of the time. He was just waiting for the producers to give him a break. They did—and the fans backed him up.

"Besides," as Joe says, "there's more of a future in romance. Where does a wheel chair get you?"

Canteen Romance

Continued from page 29

fancy ones—this is just a waltz. How about it?"

The boy said, "You're asking me to dance? You're—asking me to dance? But—but I'm not a hot dancer like most of the fellows are. Maybe you better ask one of the other fellows."

She said, and the low voice was kind as well as confidential, "I didn't come to the canteen to dance with hot dancers. I came to dance with—heroes in the making. Now I'm sounding corny . . . Get going, soldier—put your arms around me. I won't break."

He put his arms around her—one arm, that is. His other hand clamped down on the satin threads of fingers—they were lost against the palm of it . . . Suddenly it was spring in the country and an April breeze was blowing—it was Maytime and the apple trees were pink with blossoms—it was June and the red rambler rose was falling like a sunset shower over the well-sweep—it was September and a harvest moon was a splash of gold in a black velvet sky. Suddenly he was being deftly guided, unaware of everything except the perfume of her cloud-like hair.

It wasn't a Viennese waltz, it was a slow waltz. Something a man could wander through and remember for the rest of his life. She danced close, the way she'd danced in that picture that happened in New Orleans. She peered up through her lashes—such long, tangled, *real* lashes—the way she'd peered at the hero in that picture that was laid in a New York penthouse. The soldier said queerly, under his breath, "This is white of you, Miss. Dancing with me, I mean, because I'm not a hot dancer," and she said, "You're hot enough to be a leading man, my fran! You *are* a leading man, right now, in a feature called destiny." And then the music rose up in a mist—rose up to the clouds and came down again and the dance was over.

Just a dance—and it was over. The boy wanted to say, "You've been my ideal ever since I saw you in your first picture." He wanted to say, "It's not that I was ever in love with you or any-

thing like that—you can't be in love with something you can't touch—" and then he realized all over again that he had touched her. He wanted to say, "I'll never forget this evening, and just a few minutes ago I was asking myself how I happened to come . . . I'm not a fish out of water any more, I belong to something eternal, and you've made me belong."

She said, "A penny for your thoughts, soldier?" and he told her thickly, "They're not worth a penny—they're just goofy thoughts . . . Look, Miss, it was white of you to dance with me . . . It'll be something to remember when I'm in the thick of it."

She asked, "Will you be in the thick of it soon?" and he told her, "We're expecting our orders any day," and she said, "Then—then you must wear my colors. A knight going out to battle must wear a lady's colors, you know . . . Do you understand about knights, soldier?"

He gulped—it was becoming a habit—and said, "In school we read about King Arthur, but that was long ago. All that stuff about dragons and things," and she said, "Some dragons wear gas masks and throw hand grenades and starve babies . . . Let's see—let's see. What'll I give you?"

He wanted to say, "You've given me so much. You've given me beauty!" But it was something that a boy, raised on a farm, couldn't put into words without feeling like a sap, so he faltered, "Maybe when I come back you'll send me an autographed photo. Maybe if I wrote you a letter when I get back you'll give me one for my bureau."

She said, "I'll give you two—and a leather case to keep them in. But for the nonce—"

All at once she was unpinning the gardenias that she wore on her left shoulder. On her left shoulder—not so very far, the soldier thought, north of her heart. She was smoothing out the knot of silver ribbon that held them together; she was saying, "Shall I pin them on you, soldier? Or would that be too much for you to bear? Would you

rather put them away in your pocket?"

He stared down at her. He thought, "I'd like to kiss her when her mouth's like that, with the upper lip raised a little." He said, "If you don't mind I'd like to put them in my pocket . . . I'd get razzed if I wore a bouquet pinned to the front of my tunic."

They were calling from across the room. Calling her name. She said, "Good grief, soldier, I must go. I promised to help out in the kitchen—sandwiches and that sort of thing. But look, soldier, don't forget about that feature called destiny! And don't forget that you're my knight."

She was standing on tiptoe. She was kissing him lightly on his chin and he was conscious of the fact that his chin was prickly because he hadn't shaved since early morning—he hadn't known, you see, what this canteen would be like. And then she was gone, with the taffeta rattling against her knees—gone with never a backward glance—and he was buttoning the flap of his pocket—buttoning it down over a pair of white flowers that smelled like something a man dreams about but seldom finds.

* * *

It was hot and very dusty . . . It was so hot that it was the heat instead of the dust that choked a fellow—which was all wrong when you thought about it! The boy brushed his hand up over his forehead and his hand and his forehead stuck together as if they were glued with gritty glue. He wasn't so conscious of his wrists now, only sometimes he was glad they'd had practice plowing and chopping down trees—it made plowing through enemy lines, chopping down human trees, a speck easier. If easy were the word to use, out here . . .

It had come suddenly—more suddenly than he'd expected. It had happened the morning after that visit to the canteen. Packs put together hurriedly, equipment shuffled around like something in a school picnic or a kid's game, lines of men marching to a railroad depot and a train and then a ship . . . Life preservers and jeeps being loaded onto the ship with tanks and other things made of gray metal—implements of war that he didn't know by name. Watching the things being loaded the boy had wondered where farmers would get enough metal for the next few years—metal to make implements of peace like spades and pitchforks and harrows and tractors.

Seasickness. Seasickness causing a fellow to forget that there were submarines under the gray water and planes above it . . . Would a girl in taffeta, which rustled against her knees—a girl who was a movie star—think that a man was playing the lead in something called destiny if she could see him upchucking like all get out? Food served on tin plates and water like tin and a sky like hot tin and a ship cutting a sullen swift path between the two. He wished that he'd gotten to eat one of the sandwiches she'd put together in the kitchen after she'd left him—a sandwich put together by her satin threads of fingers would have been tasty. But after she'd left him he hadn't felt in the mood to eat anything—he'd just



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stumbled from the canteen and walked for miles in the close enfolding darkness, remembering the touch of her mouth on his stubbly chin, sensing the fragrance of the gardenias in his pocket . . . A ship touching shore at last—except that it didn't actually touch, they used landing barges to make the connection. But nobody was very glad, even though journey's end meant an end to seasickness . . . And then the heat and the dust, but her lips had touched his chin! And her gardenias, the ones she'd worn just north of her heart, were his for keeps.

The boy felt gingerly of his pocket—not the pocket of a tunic, he wasn't wearing anything over his sweat-stained shirt. Yes, they were there—they rattled dustily, they'd be dust, too, before long, like everything else—when a gardenia's dry enough it turns to dust.

"But a knight," he thought crazily, "keeps on wearing a lady's colors even after they turn to dust . . ." Once the top sergeant had seen him transferring the faded flowers from one pocket to another and had tried to get funny but—well, he'd taught the Sarge that it wasn't wise to be funny with a leading man! The top sergeant—they hadn't hardly missed him but that was because there wasn't time for missing . . . And anyhow, the silver ribbon was still silver. A trifle tarnished, perhaps, but still silver.

There was a burst of firing from off center. It was the same machine gun, picking them off from that clump of something that might be palm trees and might be camouflage. The second lieutenant, the one they'd kidded about because he couldn't seem to raise a mustache, was crawling on his stomach through the dust, and his face was streaked with sweat and dust mixed, and somehow it gave him dignity and you didn't miss the mustache . . . The second lieutenant would have been a nice kid to have for a visit on a farm. Sort of quiet and—well, quiet—and a farm might have built him up—his wrists were kind of narrow. The boy said, "Yes, sir?" automatically, as the second lieutenant paused nearby, and the second lieutenant grated, "We've got to get it—or else. You understand that, don't you?"

The boy said, "Sure, I understand." It was the machine gun popping them off that the second lieutenant meant—the machine gun making little puffs of brown dust all around the spot where they were lying. The boy said, "Sure, we've got to get it—but how?"

Once, back in a place where there were pavements and office buildings—and farms, but farms that were remote from cities—second lieutenants had been sort of stand-offish and privates had saluted before they addressed the single gilt bar. But a boy, crawling on his stomach, can't be stand-offish with another boy who's lying on his stomach, and it's hard to salute, too, from that position. The second lieutenant said, "How—that's the question. This isn't the day—" he laughed hoarsely—"of miracles! Knights don't charge across battlefields with their colors flying."

Knights . . . colors . . . That corporal who wrote so many letters home—he

was just a stone's throw away—coughed suddenly and pulled his knees up under his chin, like a kid that's tired, and is trying to get into a more comfortable position before he goes to sleep. The boy said, "Got him in the belly. How come you mentioned knights? How come you mentioned colors flying?" and the second lieutenant said, "God knows! Guess I'm going nuts . . . Anyhow, he never knew what hit him."

The machine gun was popping again. It was something that bothered a guy, like mosquitoes on the porch in the dusk when you were all geared to lightning bugs. The boy said, almost shyly, "She gave me her colors, you know. She pulled that knight line, too." He choked because a puff of smoke had blown up almost under his nose, and said, "Crawling across this lousy ground won't do—not all the way to the machine gun nest. There's too much distance, all the way—it'd have to be running for the last half. Running fast enough to get there in one piece—running *no matter what* for the last half . . . Knights with colors flying—that sort of racket—"

The second lieutenant said, "But I can't ask it of anybody because I can't do it myself." His face crumpled into a strange knot. "Maybe if it weren't so hot I could do it myself, but—but I *can't* . . . That's why it's not possible to ask it of anybody else. Get me?"

The boy felt his hand wandering up to the pocket of his sweat stained shirt. What the deuce—they'd soon be dust anyway, and dust was the end and the beginning if you believed what preachers told you. He said, "I could. I could crawl part way and then run the last half. It'd be easier if somebody'd keep firing in front of me—you, for instance. Sort of a barrage, I mean, coming from in back and hitting in front of me and making sort of a dust screen." He started crawling and the second lieutenant, with his young face working, began to fire from a revolver and the dust spurted up. It got in the boy's eyes and the gardenias in his pocket rustled like dry paper without anything written on it except one word—a word, perhaps, like destiny.

Dust puffs to right of him—dust puffs to left of him—dust puffs in front of him volleyed and thundered. It was from a poem he'd learned in school—"The Charge"—of something or other. A poem he'd learned about the time that he'd learned the saga of knights and their ladies . . . The boy thought, "She said some dragons have hand grenades—maybe I'm a dragon myself. I've got a hand grenade, and by gosh, I'm going to use it." He was halfway to the place that might be palms or might be camouflage, and they hadn't touched him yet, but the puffs of dust were coming thicker and faster and there weren't so many in front of him now—maybe the second lieutenant had lost the range or had even lost—well, his revolver. The boy thought, "This is the time to get up and run," and so he got up and ran and something struck him in the arm and he thought, "These mosquitoes sting like blue blazes. They're as big as eagles this year, but that's because we had a damp

spring." Something struck him in the shoulder and he thought, "If they mess up that silver ribbon I'll be good and sore because it's still silver." And then he was almost on top of the place that the bullets were coming from and he could feel hot stings all over him—and the place was camouflage, it wasn't palm trees, and his wrist was still strong enough to carry his hand up, the hand that held the grenade. And then somebody chattered in a voice that didn't make sense, a voice like a monkey in a zoo, and somebody screamed and maybe it was himself that screamed. And then there was waltz music—a slow waltz, and the taffeta was rattling around her knees and the perfume was rising up from her hair and she was saying, "Get going, soldier. Put your arms around me. I won't break."

He put his arms around her. One arm, that is—the other arm was hanging limp. And suddenly it was spring in the country—April with a breeze blowing. And it was Maytime and the apple trees were pink with blossoms. . . . And it was September and a harvest moon was a splash of gold. . . . The waltz music rose to the clouds and the clouds crumpled and fell in a shower of dust. Only the dust didn't choke a fellow any more because it was like spangles in his hair and in front of his darkening eyes.

* * *

It had been a hard day at the studio. One of those hard, hot days when the lights had been like sun in a desert and when mascara stuck to a girl's lashes and when being glamorous was more of a job than a privilege. She drew her hands across her eyes and said, "Queer, but I almost feel as if I'm going to faint."

The director said, "You're not the fainting type, keed, but it *has* been a tough session. Why don't you go home tonight and take a shower and curl up with a book—if you have a book? Why don't you forget that you have five million engagements and four million heavy lovers?"

She said, "Skip the engagements and the heavy lovers. Tonight's my night at the canteen. Tonight's my night to get my feet stepped on and to butter bread."

The director said, "Why don't you skip it this once? There are other people to dance with the armed forces. Other people to butter bread—"

She said, "Yes, there are other people but—sort of you never know. Queer—I was thinking about a boy just now—a boy I danced with once at the canteen. Kind of a big oaf from a farm, but sweet. He was almost afraid to touch me, and he couldn't talk, he was so scared."

The director said, "Scared, eh? Did you iron him out? Did he get over his panic?"

She said, "Oh, I gave him a couple of gardenias—I don't know quite why I gave them to him—and he put them in his pocket. I wonder how long he kept them—in his pocket?"

The director said, "Not long, I guess—gardenias don't last long." He sighed. "Hardly anything lasts long."

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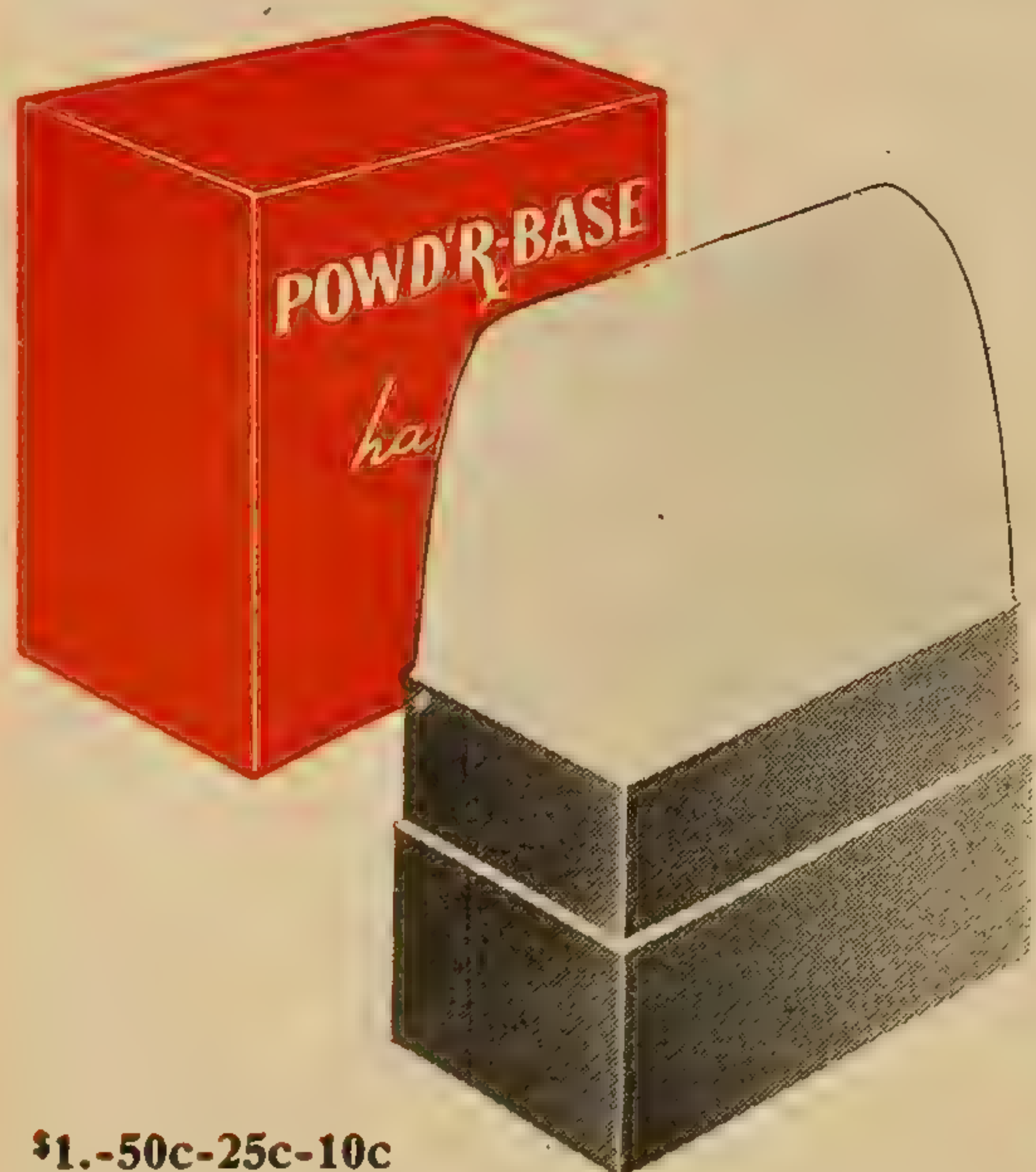
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Lady Korda: "A Good Joe!"

Continued from page 43

tights, and balancing an unwieldy hair-dress of ostrich plumes and aigrettes, grabbed Eddie's mop and proceeded to shine up the floor. "All right, it's mopped," she said sweetly. "Now don't fume at Eddie. His wife is sick."

Laird Cregar was taken completely back, every pound of him, when Merle said to him a few minutes before he did his big dramatic scene with her, "This is *your* scene, Laird. It's the best scene you have in the picture. I'll play it with my back to the camera. Give it everything you've got!" When he recovered from the shock Cregar, who has been up-staged by the glamor department ever since he started in pictures, told Sara Allgood, "That's the first time *that* ever happened to me!"

"Merle's a good Joe. Everybody in the company likes her," one of the grips said, and as an afterthought added, "even Mr. Sanders." Naturally that brought on further research. George Sanders, the most irritating and intriguing man in pictures, is famous for not liking anybody. He's completely anti-social. Always has a mad on. Nor did he go into hearts and flowers over Merle. He said, "I like Miss Oberon, but when people see me making love to her in this picture, they'll begin asking me to parties again. And I'll have to exert myself to say 'no' again. I'm a lazy man. I like to rest. I like to sleep. I don't like to make polite conversation. The trouble with making love to beautiful women like Merle Oberon on the screen is that people get the idea you're social. I'm not." Well, when you consider what he has said about other leading ladies, I think this is a compliment.

Teacher's pet was sitting in her dressing room studying her lines when I dropped by "The Lodger" set. Merle was dressed for her next scene in the long street-cleaning skirts of the 1880's. Her shapely legs (and you'll have an opportunity to see just how shapely in the dance hall sequences) were propped on a nearby chair. My eagle eyes quickly detected not one, but three, runs in her stockings. And when I commented on same, she said, "I've only a few pairs of nylons left. Don't think I'm crazy enough to wear them when they don't show!"

Of course nylons led to rationing, and rationing to servant problems—and I am delighted to report that I have found one Hollywood star who hasn't a servant problem and who is perfectly happy. "I've had my cook for years and years," she said. "She has a ten-year-old daughter who lives with us. I find it's the best way to make a mother happy and keep a good cook. I lost three chauffeurs in the draft." (Merle is always learning to drive a car but never quite learns.) "So finally I called up an employment agency and asked them if they didn't have a woman who drives. A vivid blonde named Mrs. Van Alstyne came in response to my call. She had never been a chauffeur before, and didn't have any references, but I told her, 'You have a nice honest face. I like you. The job is yours.' And it's worked out wonderfully. She told me she

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had tried defense work but she found it too monotonous for her temperament. It seems she is a student of human nature."

Merle may not be the only actress who has a chauffeur who is interested in sociological research and has the fancy handle of Mrs. Van Alstyne. But I would like to make a small bet that Merle is the only actress in the world who has a chauffeur who wears false eyelashes!

Merle is extremely pleased with her rôle of the gay, light-hearted *Kitty Langley*, a music hall dancer and the toast of London in the days of Queen Victoria. "The Lodger" has been adapted for the screen from Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' famous horror story which has been a best seller for over thirty years. The story is based on the actual criminal record of Jack the Ripper, who murdered six women in London between August and November, 1888, and disappeared into the fog of Whitechapel. The case remains one of the few failures chalked up to Scotland Yard. I wouldn't be at all surprised if that fascinating Detective George Sanders doesn't clear up the mystery once and for all. But you'll have goose-pimples while he's doing it.

Merle has had more "lady" rôles packed into her screen career than any other actress, with the possible exception of Irene Dunne. She's usually dragging floor-length dresses around and looking put-upon. And she's tired of it. She has never been allowed to be her own informal self on the screen, to smile, dance and sing—and show a pair of legs that look fresh off the Atlantic City Boardwalk.

"I've always had to be sad on the screen," said Merle. "They call it the nostalgia appeal. I've been the sad, sentimental girl with memories in her eyes. I've shed more tears and looked at laughing throngs with tragic countenance more than any other actress. And all the time I've wanted to be gay. I've wanted a chance to smile into the camera because I know gaiety is the most appealing quality a woman can have."

When Merle went to work on Columbia's "First Comes Courage" they gave her a set dressing room which had no top to it. She started to change her clothes when suddenly she noticed that the grips, high up on the scaffolds, could look right down into her dressing room. Merle squealed in girly-girly fashion and pulled her robe around her. One burly grip leaned over the catwalk and shouted to her, "Lady, we're too busy to watch."

Merle thought about that later. H'mmm! Was she losing her feminine appeal? Then it was time to do something about it. So she kicked up her gams in the can-can.

"It wasn't easy learning the Parisian Trot, a version of the can-can," Merle continued. "I discovered all kinds of aching muscles. The leg-mount is the most disconcerting angle of the can-can. With your right hand you hold the right foot, knee straight, close to the right ear. Meanwhile, the left foot keeps time to the music while pivoting the body rhythmically. And while doing this you must flash a dazzling smile into the camera. At first I'd get the knee straight and manage to put my foot against my right ear when a shout would go up from dance director Kenny Williams. 'You

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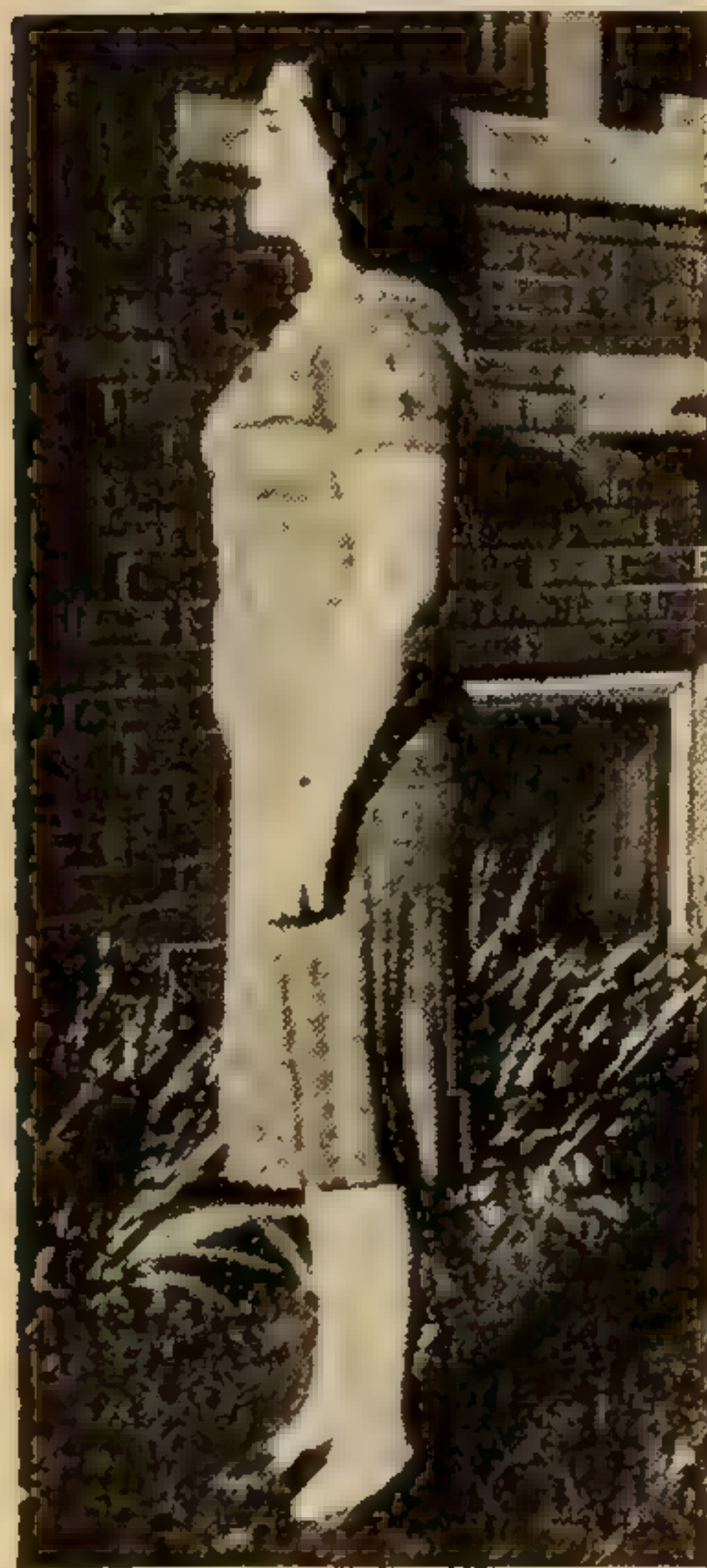
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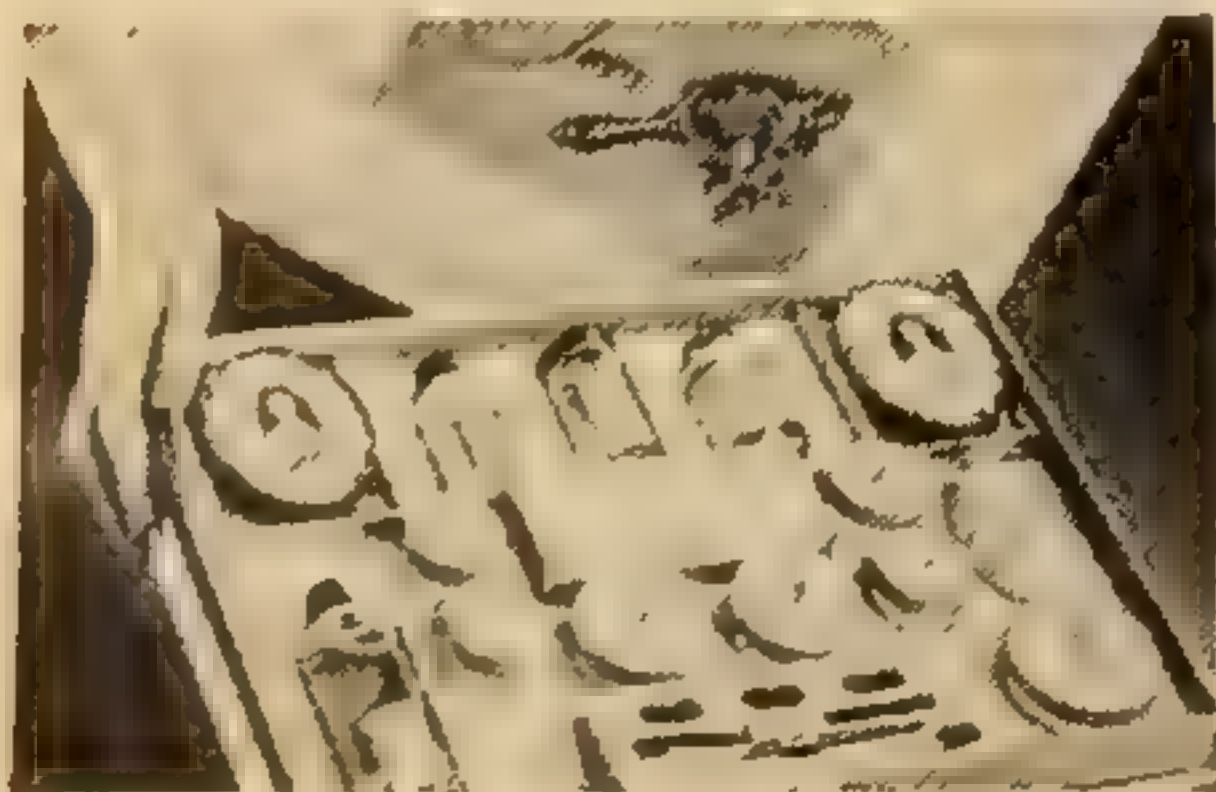
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should see your face, he'd say, and bend double with laughter. But right at the last I got so I could give them a smile and literally tear myself in half at the same time."

Merle believes that one of the post-war problems is going to be getting women to take off their slacks and get back into girly gear. She thinks that when a girl wears slacks for a certain length of time she stops thinking in girl terms.

"I don't care what it is," says Merle, "a girl can stand at a lathe eight hours a day, she can grease cars, anything—and still be just as much a woman as she ever

was. Being feminine is an attitude of mind. If we girls lose it because of the war, we'll have lost our most valuable asset. Laird Cregar and I were talking on this subject the other day, and he told me a story which sums up everything neatly. It happened at a session of the French Chamber of Deputies. One deputy was arguing for extreme masculine rights for women. 'After all,' he said, 'nowadays between men and women there is very little difference.' For a moment there was a silence. Then up jumped another deputy. 'Hurray for the difference,' he said quietly."

Why Joel McCrea Is Quitting Films for Duration!

Continued from page 35

clink of many coins will pass hands.

From all sides, offers have come to Joel for bigger and better pictures. I happen to know that two of the largest and most important studios offered Joel better contracts than he had ever had before—and Joel has always been a highly paid actor. One of the contracts, had he signed it, would have brought him a total of more than a million dollars. The figures were fabulous, almost fantastic. The producers wanted to sign him up for seven solid years! In the case of most contracts, at the end of six months or a year, along comes an option, and an actor may suddenly be dropped from the contract list. But the contract offered by this studio meant security, safety. There were no option times when the studio could drop him.

And yet Joel turned down all these fabulous offers. Hollywood was dazed, as though a bombshell had been dropped. It had been counting on men like Joel to give pictures that box office tang.

The columnists had a field day guessing at Joel's reasons. Now, for the first time, Joel himself explained his reasons to me as SCREENLAND's representative.

Joel said, "I have quit commercial movies for the time being, because I feel I ought to be doing my bit in the war now. I have turned down all commercial offers; but if the government wants me to make a movie 'for free,' to help the war effort, I shall.

"I know some people feel that by staying in pictures and not quitting, they are accomplishing more than if they quit. They're probably right—for themselves. Maybe I'm wrong. But for my own personal satisfaction, I *have* to do something besides make pictures. If I continued to do the same thing, I wouldn't feel that I was doing all I could for the war effort.

"You can't depend on other people to tell you what to do. Sure, every producer will tell you that it is right to stay in Hollywood; to remain in pictures. Everyone who likes you will tell you to keep on doing what you have been doing. It is easy to go on making pictures and telling yourself that you are doing your bit by paying heavy taxes and investing every penny you can in War Bonds.

"But from the time America entered the war, I have felt that I wanted to do more. I wasn't satisfied to keep on doing the same thing I had done before.

Frances (Frances Dee, his wife) and I often discussed what I could do. Several men have already gone overseas; some as entertainers, some for morale. Men like Joe E. Brown have helped lift the spirits of thousands of men on battlefields and in hospitals in the Pacific."

Joel is not sure exactly what he might be called upon to do overseas. Perhaps visit with men in camps and hospitals; perhaps appear in dramatic sketches; perhaps entertain the men by telling them about Hollywood and the amusing and dramatic things that happen there. Men who have been away from home for a long time are apt to respond eagerly to anyone who comes bringing them news from home. And when that man is someone whose face has been familiar to them through the years—then that man is sure to represent home to them.

"Cary Grant went on a tour of the hospitals in this country," Joel went on. "He accomplished a great deal of good. I hope to be able to do similar work overseas. Some men can't take such trips, because the hazards are too great. They have too many responsibilities."

"But," I protested, "what about your responsibilities?" I was thinking of beautiful Frances Dee, and their two sons, Joel, 9, and David, 7. Joel has always been a devoted, loving father; he has tried to give his two sons the kind of boyhood they will always remember. Theirs has been the kind of boyhood that all boys dream of. When Joel himself was a youngster, he and a friend of his built a cabin of cottonwood logs in the Hollywood hills, and spent enchanted days there pretending they were big game trappers, Indians and cowboys. Every day, when they returned from school, they would change into clothes suitable for the woods and hills and rush up to that charmed cabin.

When Joel became a star, he found that this was one of his happiest memories, and so he made it possible for his sons to have the same kind of carefree boyhood. He never allowed them to go on the screen, lest they be robbed of a normal boyhood. On their father's ranch, they have led the sort of life two kids can lead only on a ranch, never in the heart of a city.

And no small part of the enchantment has been the fact that whenever Joel was free from pictures, he liked to play with them, for he is their pal. To the two

boys he is Buffalo Bill in person; the spirit of the West; a true cowboy; and above all, their dad, their gay, wonderful dad.

The boys have been fortunate enough to enjoy a home where a spirit of tranquility reigns; a home in which love between Frances and Joel has set the pattern for a truly happy life.

There has never been any rivalry between Joel and Frances. When she married him, she gave up pictures. Later, after years of happiness, she did venture to make an occasional film, but it was easy to see that much as she had once loved pictures, her heart was now with her three musketeers, Joel, Joel, Jr., and David.

And so I asked, "What of Frances and the two boys?"

"Frances and I talked it over," Joel said, "and she agrees with me that this is something I ought to do because I feel it is the right thing to do. She is delighted that I am going to do what I think is right."

Delighted, I thought! When was a woman ever delighted to see the man she loves take risks? But I admired the gallantry of Frances Dee, who had convinced her husband that she was "delighted." From now on, she will probably rush for the mail each time it comes; she will wait in a fever of anxiety for some word from Joel. It takes courage on Joel's part, but it takes greater courage on Frances' part to tell him, "Yes, Joel, that's the right thing for you to do."

Joel said of the hazards, "Why shouldn't I take those risks? These others who are being drafted—they, too, have responsibilities. Some of them are married and have children whom they love, just as I love David and Joel. They want to protect their children, just as I want to protect my two boys. But we all know that until Germany is whipped and Japan is beaten, there is no safety for anyone. We have to do what we can. I can have no peace of mind unless I do everything I can to help the war effort."

Joel is not quitting his ranch, even though he may be going overseas. The ranch is too important, as are all ranches and farms that are properly run. Before he goes, Joel will sell everything that should be sold; then leave the ranch temporarily in the hands of his workmen. He will leave detailed instructions with them about all the work they are to do. Since Joel has been running the ranch successfully for twelve years, he knows pretty well what to anticipate. Perhaps, while he's gone, he will lose money, but that is something for which he is prepared. After all, a man who has sacrificed the prospect of over a million dollars doesn't quibble about his losses on a ranch.

"Quitting pictures is my own idea," said Joel. "I'm not doing it to please anyone else. Of course, I did talk it over with several people; but in the end I made my own decision, as one always should about anything important. I wouldn't dream of trying to tell any other man or woman that he also ought to quit what he is doing in order to do war work. That is a problem which every man and woman in this country must decide for himself."



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GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Notes gathered here and there which give a lift to your spirits, your grooming and your wardrobe



Shulton presents Dulcinea by Leigh.

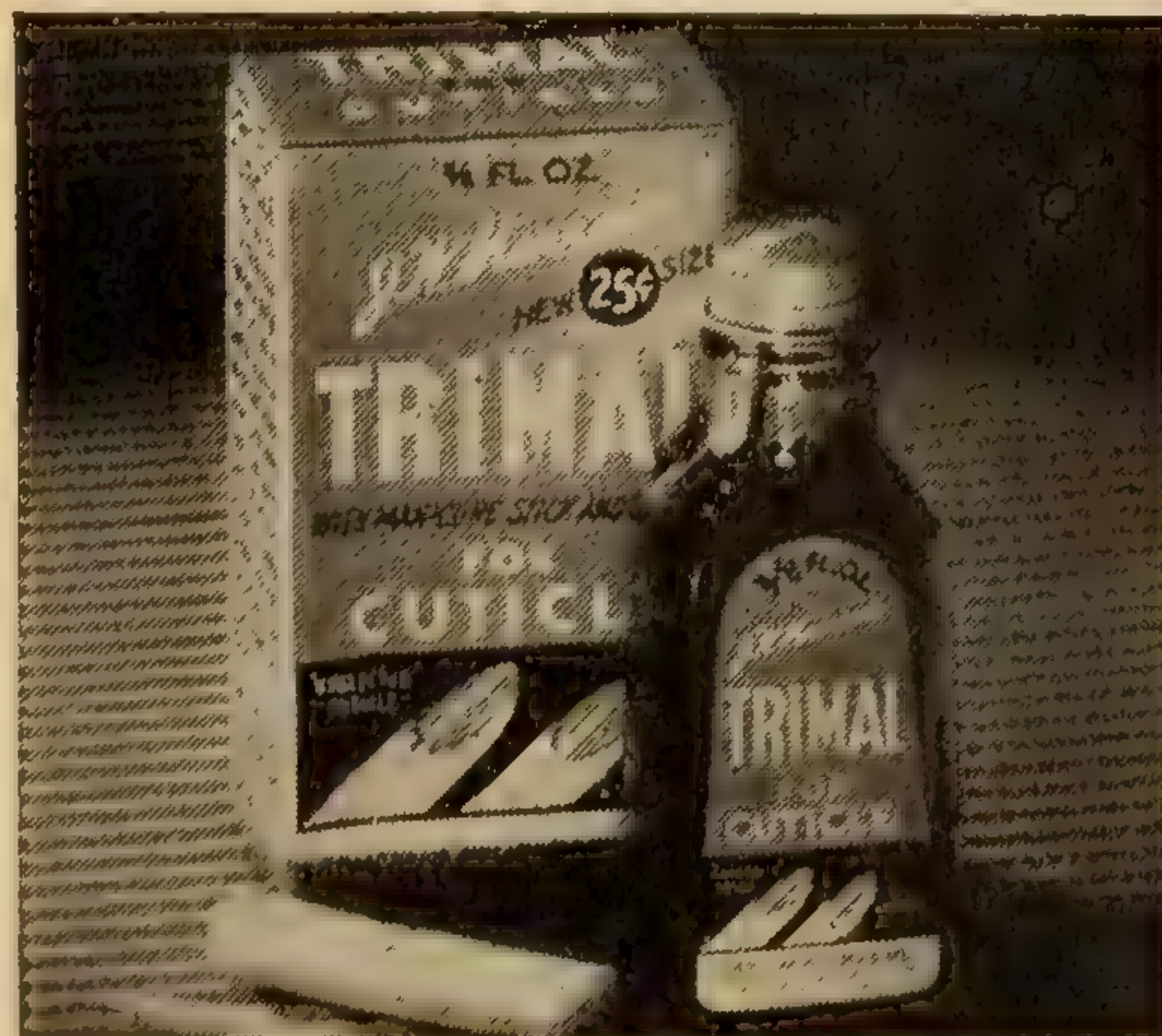
A DELICATE, flower-laden perfume for the lady in love is Dulcinea by Leigh. It is a light yet insistent floral bouquet which suggests an aura of romance. The box itself with its yellow and gray scrolls against a crisp white background bespeaks a lady.

A LIQUID conditioning shampoo put up in a tube. This is a new preparation recently placed on the market by Rap-i-dol, one of the oldest of the hair coloring and hair products manufacturers. The tube contains sufficient preparation for one shampoo, and this novel method of packaging tends to eliminate measuring and messiness.

IS YOUR cuticle frayed, and you don't want to cut it? Is it tight and has it crawled away up on the nail? If so, there's Trimal which softens and loosens cuticle and makes it possible to remove dead, rough particles

without any nipping. In the package with each bottle of Trimal, there is a pledget-of absorbent cotton and a manicure stick. This makes for a quick, compact aid to manicuring. There is also an instruction sheet with the directions given in step by step pictures.

JUST because summer is gone and winter is here in its full glory, don't think you can forget about deodorants. They are a year-round grooming "must." They become particularly essential this season when more wool and heavy clothing is being worn than heretofore. Among the deodorants is one in solid form. It is called "Lor-odo" and is manufactured by L'Orle. It goes smoothly on the skin like a cream and doesn't cake, and comes in two pleasant, clean scents—one for women, one for men. In compact form, it is handy to tuck in a travel bag, or keep in a locker for freshening when changing clothes.



Trimal removes cuticle without cutting.



Lor-Odo, the deodorant in compact form.

Intimate Notes of a Wartime Wife

Continued from page 37

took over the reins of her career and she continued as a reigning actress. It was after Ziegfeld's death that she met Mr. McIntyre. "My world has crumbled!" she cried.

Sometime she must have read that couplet of Kipling's:

"If you can bear to see the things
you gave your life to broken
And stoop and build them up with
worn-out tools . . ."

That's what Billie Burke has done. Perhaps her new life isn't the one she would have chosen for herself but she has done a splendid job with the materials at hand. I knew that is what I would have to do.

I roamed restlessly through the house. There was the guest room that has housed everything but guests. I remembered, soon after we moved to our ranch, one night when the rain was coming down in torrents, Desi and I were home dreaming dreams aloud and planning how we were going to fix the place up. "There will have to be chickens," I stated positively. "A ranch without chickens would be like Abbott without Costello."

The next night Desi staggered in out of the rain carrying an incubator with a hundred baby chicks in it. We had no chicken house so, for the next two weeks,

until we could get materials and build quarters for them outside, the incubator stood in the guest room.

Hardly had the chickens taken up their own quarters than Desi decided he was putting on weight. A couple of days later a truck drove up and the men unloaded a steam cabinet big enough for a public bath. There was nowhere else to put it so into the guest room it went.

I passed the dining room and saw, through the window, the swimming pool beyond. "No more of those Sunday night shindigs," I thought ruefully. We used to have crowds in almost every Sunday—Dick and Mona Carlson, Marsha Hunt and her husband, Jerry Hopper, the Sedgwicks, the Francis Lederers and a half dozen other couples. One Sunday night Desi would act as MC and chef. He would fix up a Cuban dinner, strum a guitar and sing Cuban songs. The next Sunday night I would play hostess. That is, fix the dinner.

"Oh, well," I consoled myself, "those parties would probably have to go by the board anyhow. We couldn't get enough food to feed them now and even if we could, a lot of the men we used to have are in service and some of their wives are living where they're stationed."

Everywhere I turned my eyes there was some reminder of Desi—of the things we'd done and planned together.

I started talking to myself again: "A fine way to build a new life," I jeered. "Those things belong to the past. You'll go nuts if you keep thinking about them."

And then I remembered a few lines from Edward Sheldon's "Romance":

"Yesterday? It is a dream we have forgotten. Tomorrow? Just the hope of some great happiness—some joy that never comes. Before—behind—all clouds and stars and shadows. Nothing—nothing is real—only the little minute that we call today."

"That is what I must live by," I told myself. "I must forget yesterday. Tomorrow? The future has always taken care of itself, and very nicely, too. Today? I must live for today—for all the 'todays' until Desi comes home again." Then I wondered, "How am I going to fill my todays?"

That took some thought. Fortunately, I'm not a moody person. I mean, I don't get into those black moods that last for days. Oh, sometimes I become despondent, but I have a mercurial disposition and the least little thing will snap me out of the blues. Something as inconsequential as a phone call from a friend I haven't seen in a long time will lift me up to the skies.

I knew, therefore, I wouldn't have to worry about being depressed. Not for long at a time, anyhow. Sure, I miss Desi. But so do a couple of other million wives miss *their* husbands. *They're liv-*



... it was one of those triangle affairs, so the hero shot the villain,
and said "Just make it Pepsi-Cola for two."



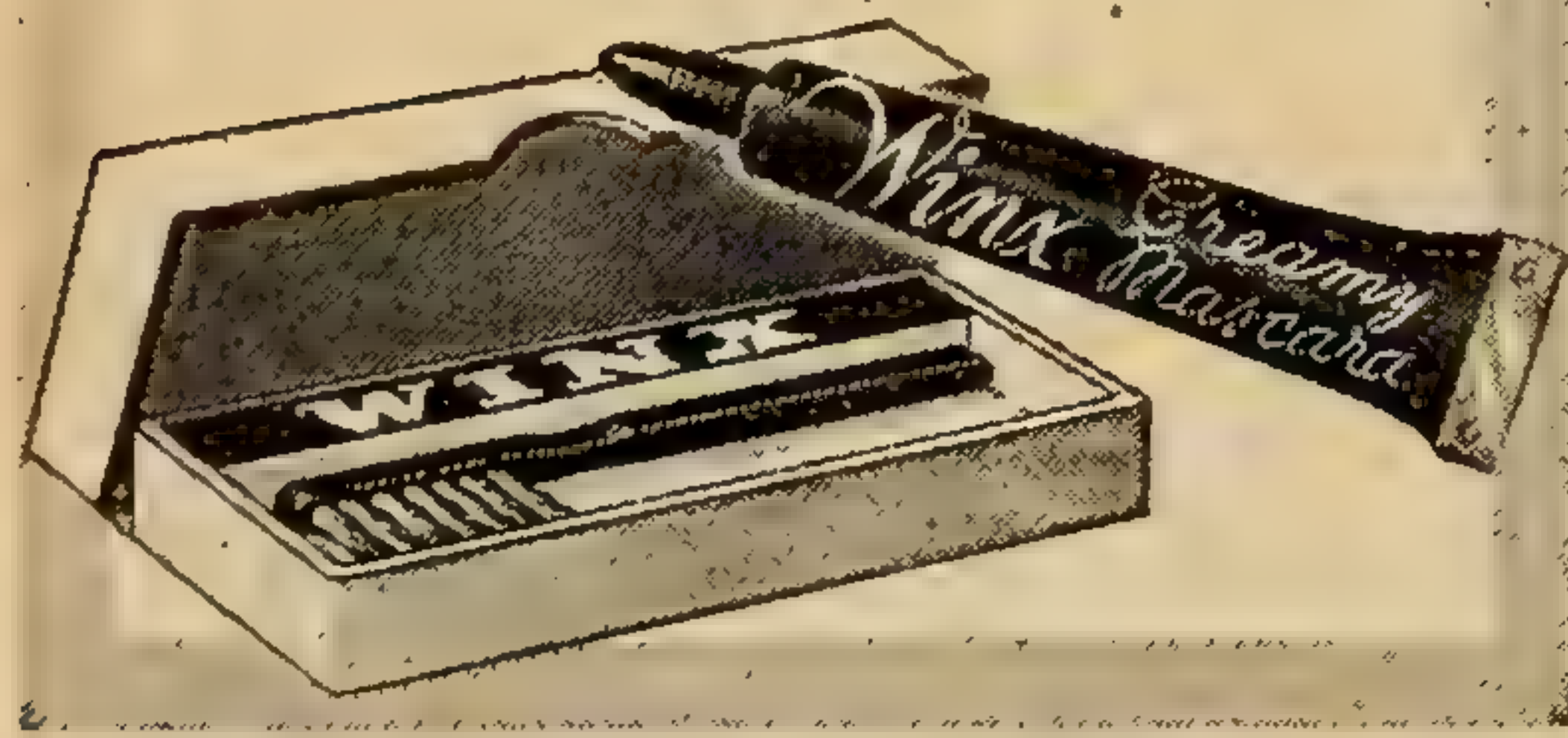
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ing through it and, for the most part, doing a pretty good job of it. Of course, it was tough having our lives disrupted just when we'd got things going the way we wanted them.

When M-G-M put us both under contract it was heaven. People used to ask me how it was working out, both of us *working* and both of us being at the same studio. They seemed to think we should get on each other's nerves when we came home at night tired, and perhaps nervous because things hadn't gone right that day.

I think marriage (or, at least, ours) works out better when both are working and certainly in our case, they worked out better because of being at the same studio. We knew the same people, came to know their personalities, and when we talked things over we were talking about people we both knew. When one is working and comes home tired and the other is fresh and rarin' to go, it's not so good. If we were both tired and jittery, we respected each other's feelings.

Neither of us care for night clubs—not Hollywood night clubs, anyhow, so we were content to stay home and have friends visit us or visit them. If we were tired we stayed home by ourselves. I knew, of course, that companionship I'd grown used to would have to be forgotten for the duration. All right, I'd forget it.

"Are you going to be one of these Army wives who thinks because her husband is away she should be seen here and there with various friends, just to fill her time, and say that you and Desi have an 'understanding'—that he has given you 'permission' to go out with other men while he's away?"

That sort of thing is definitely "out" for me. In New York, night life is different than in Hollywood. People live mostly in apartments there and the facilities for entertaining in them are limited. So you turn to night clubs for dinner and amusement.

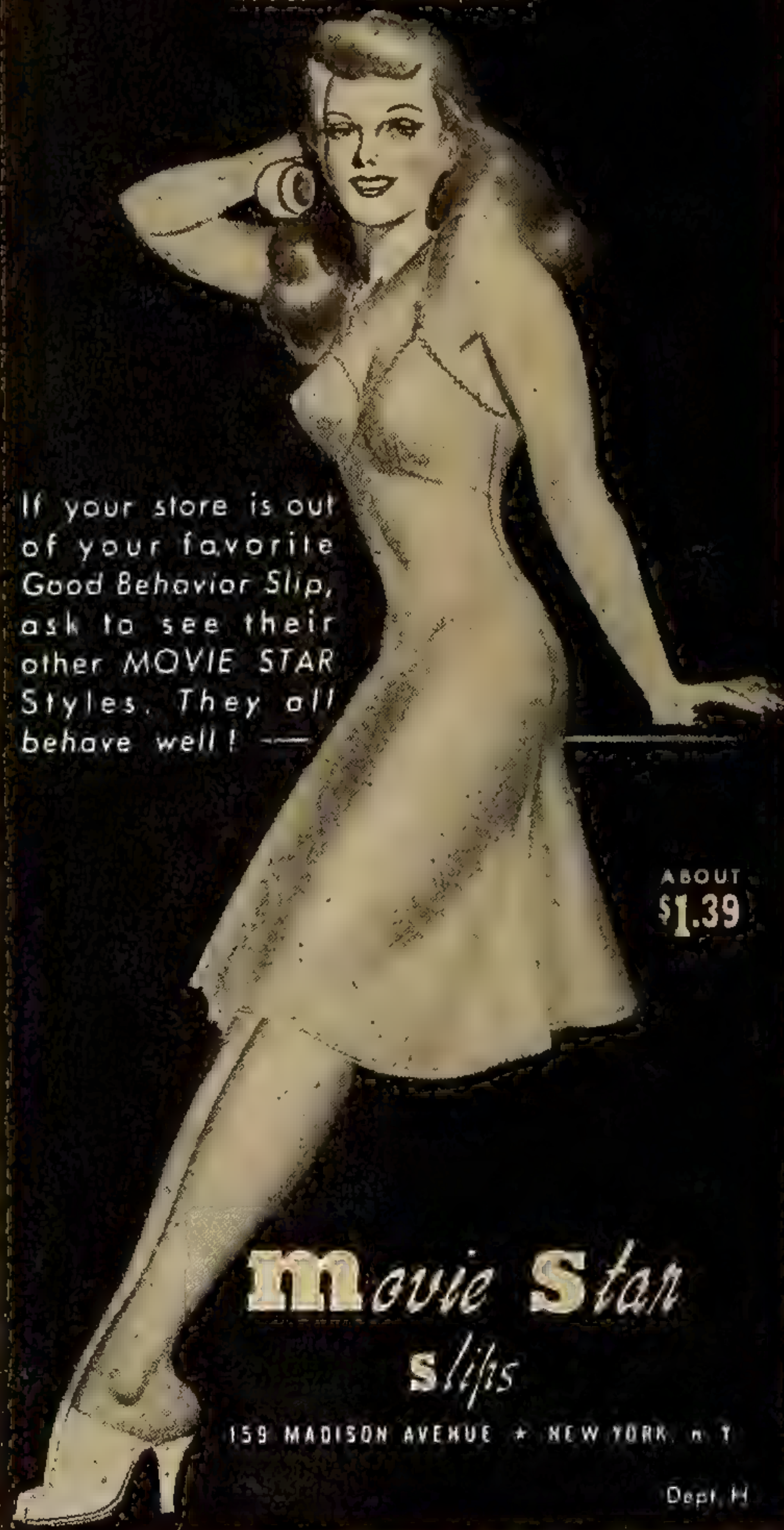
In Hollywood you have homes and you use them. I can get much more enjoyment out of an evening with congenial people—either in my own home or theirs—than I can out of night clubs.

It is a conviction of mine that in Hollywood people go to night clubs either because they're carrying a torch and want to be around other people so they can forget, or they go because they've changed sweethearts and want everyone to know about it, or they go because they want to be seen—for the publicity they get out of it. Hollywood Café Society is a pretty sad life to me and I want no part of it.

"Then how are you going to fill your life?" I asked myself.

When I'm working I never go out anyhow. Living as far out as I do, the question of help is quite a problem. I could close up the ranch and move into an apartment, but the ranch means so much to me I want to keep it open. I knew a woman—an old friend of my family's—and she said she would keep house for me if I didn't ask her to cook. So, until I can get a cook, she does the cleaning and marketing and I do the cooking. Sometimes it's tough when I've put in ten hours at the studio to come home and start fixing dinner, but it's no more

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than a lot of other women do. And I'd rather do that than sit around in a restaurant for an hour waiting for a table and then waiting another hour to be served. This way, I can at least relax when I get home, even though I'm still working.

Desi occasionally gets a weekend leave and comes home and we're still able to have a few people in. On those weekends when he doesn't have leave I try to go to the camp where he's stationed.

If, as occasionally happens, I have a day off at the studio or get away early, I go to the Hollywood Canteen and help entertain. I didn't sign up to be a regular hostess because I work so constantly I wasn't sure I could always be there the nights I was supposed to.

"So far, so good," I told myself. "You've taken care of your time when you're working. Now, how about the times you're between pictures?"

Strangely enough, that question didn't present the problem I'd thought it would. In the eleven years I've been in pictures I've rarely had more than a few days off at a time. After I finished "Meet The People" the studio told me my next picture wouldn't start until January. That means I have almost four months off. My next is to be a musical so I'm taking singing lessons. My voice will never cause Lily Pons any worry but if I'm going to sing I want to sing as well as possible. I thought of taking piano lessons again but gave up the idea. I knew I wouldn't keep it up and there seemed no point in

wasting a lot of time on something from which I'd derive no lasting benefit or pleasure.

Well, then, I thought, how about war work? Buying bonds isn't enough. So I have doubled my camp tours. For over a year I've been going out on shows with Kay Kyser whenever possible. Now, I go with whoever else is putting on a show when I have a free night.

Also, Desi puts on a show at his camp every week. I help with that. About once a month I appear in the show but every week I line up the talent for him and do all the telephoning. This may seem simple but it takes almost the whole week. You phone about a hundred people before you find the few you need who are available. Then you find out what sort of act they are going to do, arrange for costumes and transportation, etc.

Possibly all this doesn't sound like much—not like any drastic change in my way of living. In some ways perhaps it really isn't. I still live in the same house—only now I do my own cooking. Instead of the night life I used to know—the gay evenings with friends—I do camp shows with Kay Kyser and others or help Desi with his. Instead of the companionship I had from Desi on off nights, I pore through books.

As regimented as all this sounds there is never time enough for all I have to do. I fill my life with today, but I dream of tomorrow—that "hope of some great happiness."

Ryan Gets the Girl!

Continued from page 33

than the guy who acts simply because his family were actors and he was born backstage in a trunk.

"For years I fancied myself a writer," he continued. "I majored in English at Dartmouth and wallowed in good literature for four years." He took a course in satire under Professor William Eddy, and wrote a modern satirical essay called "Alice And The Toilet-Bowl" in which he satirized the current hard-boiled school of literature advanced by Faulkner, Caldwell and Hemingway. Professor Eddy proclaimed it the best bit of writing of the type he had encountered in college, and read it annually to succeeding classes. In his senior year, he won first prize (\$100) in a one-act play-writing contest, penning a little opus about death called "The Visitor." The hundred bucks decided him. He'd be a writer.

"I've started lots of stories and plays since," he continued, "but I never finished them. For a while I lived in Greenwich Village in New York so I could meet other writers. I met them all right. But they never seemed to write. They just sat around and talked and drank gin. They were all phonies like me, though at the time I didn't know I was a phony. I talked a good story but I just never seemed to get around to writing it."

It wasn't until 1937, after a slue of the most amazing jobs you ever heard of,

that Bob took an interest in the theater. He was in Chicago, his home town, at the time. He started on a "hobby" basis. He built a miniature set, and, using dolls, would spend hours on end arranging stage groupings. He'd study plays, line by line, figuring out how each line should be projected physically on the stage. After six months of intensive study he decided to get some kind of a directorial job. "I learned that the Stickney School, a private school for teen-age girls, was about to put on its annual play. I casually announced to the principal that I had directed plays in the East. She was very happy to get a distinguished director, particularly since such genius was willing to work for free." The play, "Dear Brutus," was a success—greatest in the school annals. Bob was as cocky as Mickey Rooney.

Then came a miracle. Despite many lean weeks, Bob had managed to save up \$300. A friend invested it for him—in an oil well, of all things!—and he got \$2,000 on his investment. (If you have \$300 don't do it—this is what is called the luck of the Irish, and could only happen to a Ryan.) Bob hopped off for Hollywood and enrolled in Max Reinhardt's Workshop.

The first day at Reinhardt's he met a young actress named Jessica Cadwallader, and decided then and there that she was the girl he wanted to marry. They

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were married in March, 1939. At that time Bob had \$100 left from his oil bonanza. In nothing flat the newlyweds were broke. Reinhardt gave Bob a part-time assistant director's job in his summer courses at the Workshop, and Bob picked up a little cash by giving boxing lessons at \$1 per lesson to Hollywood kids. (He'd won the Dartmouth heavyweight boxing championship for four years.) Jessica helped out by writing confession stories on the side. Bob made his professional stage bow, playing in a revival of "Too Many Husbands," which Reinhardt directed at the Belasco Theater in Los Angeles. Said one critic: "We understand Mr. Ryan used to be a boxer. Last night he talked as though he had forgotten to take his mouthpiece out."

Life was at a low ebb for the Robert Ryans. Bob made a tour of all the casting directors at the Hollywood studios. They would have none of him. "They told me, my eyes were too small, my teeth were bad, I was too big, I was too heavy, everything was wrong with me," Bob said with a shrug. "You name it, I had it."

He figured that the East was the best place for him to get a foothold in the theater. He hitch-hiked to New York ("but I came back to California in a drawing room, all expenses paid") and two weeks later got a job in a Long Island stock company. He wired his wife to join him there, and she took the first bus going East. They made two dollars a week a piece—Bob played the hero and Jessica the heroine—and had the time of their young lives. "It was swell experience. In Roslyn I became a local celebrity. For the first time in my life people wanted to pay money to see me act—not much money, but money."

After that Jessica got a job modeling, to keep them from starving to death, and Bob played in stock companies and straw-hat theaters all over the East. His "break" came when he was playing a repeat week of "A Kiss for Cinderella" at the Maplewood Theater in New Jersey with Luise Rainer. Luise had praised Bob's work to her ex-husband, Clifford Odets, whose new play, "Clash by Night," was to be produced by Billy Rose with Tallulah Bankhead as the star. So one night Rose, Odets and Tallulah descended upon Maplewood, and after the play Tallulah exuberantly announced to the thoroughly bewildered Robert, "Darling, you're going to be in my next play!" During rehearsals Pare Lorentz came back-stage one night, dangling an RKO contract, and announced, though not quite as exuberantly as la Bankhead, "Ryan, you're going to be in my next picture."

Bob "arrived" with a vengeance. Before he ever stepped foot on a Broadway stage he had been given a leading rôle in a Broadway play, and a leading rôle in a Hollywood movie.

RKO's newest pride and joy (no more bumping him off, please) was born in Chicago, November 11, 1909. "Mother concentrated on the finer things of life," says Bob. "She wanted me to study piano. But Dad said I'd only end up playing piano in a saloon. So Mother compromised on violin lessons. I was

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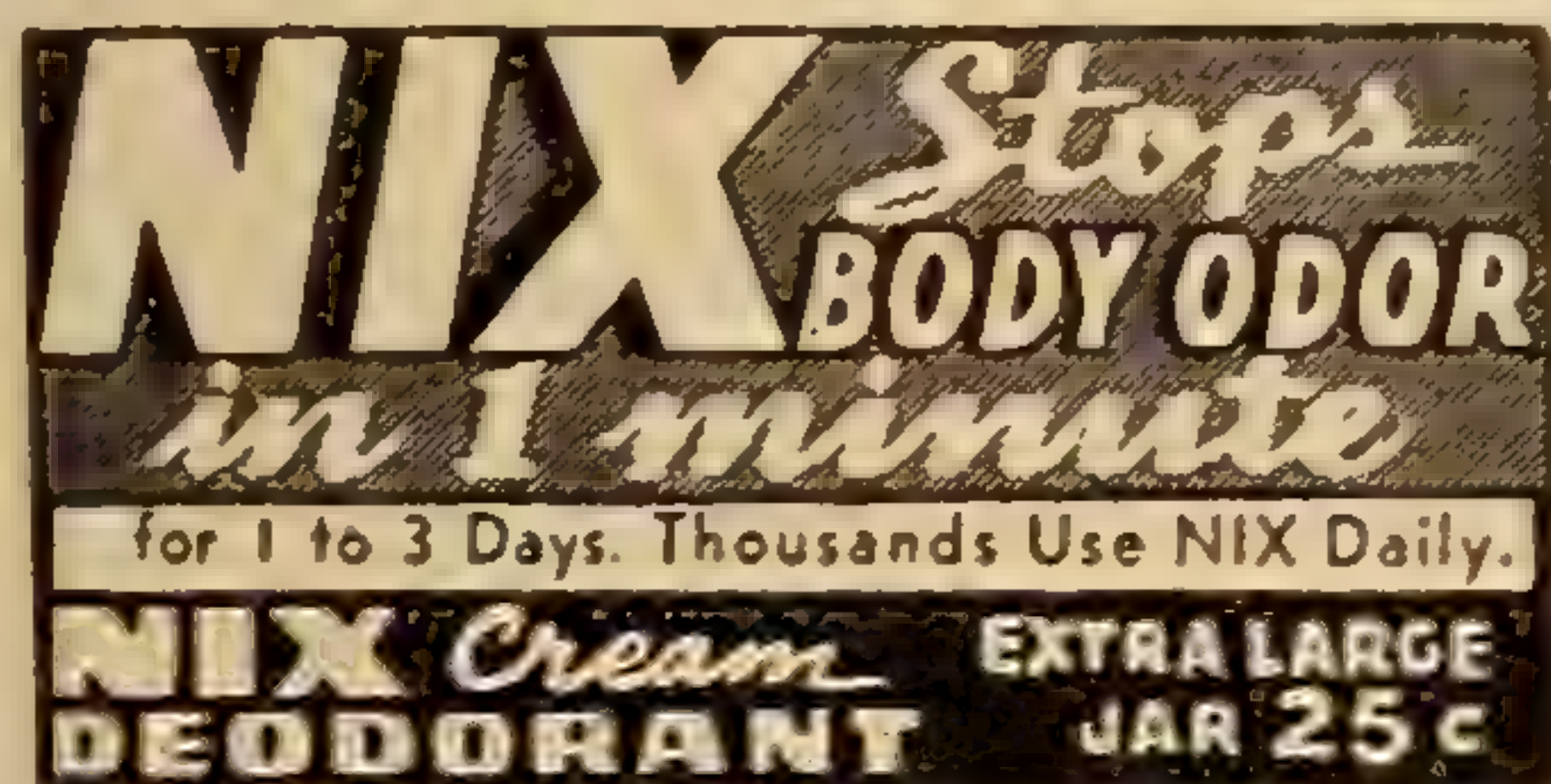


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nine at the time. Dad, sensing the perils inherent in toting a fiddle through the streets of Chicago, hastily hired a pro to give me boxing lessons."

Bob went to Chicago Catholic High School where he distinguished himself on the athletic field, as well as in the editorial room of the school paper. As editor of the paper he exercised the power of the press and published reams of his own poetry which, he states, stank to high heaven, and no one ever read except his Mother. When he graduated from Dartmouth the depression was in full swing, and college boys were a dime a dozen. Bob's various jobs are a colorful story—much more colorful than any studio scripts he'll be asked to play in. To hit the high-spots: for a short time he became a salesman for cemetery lots in a Chicago suburban development. "I never did have any sales ability; but I had one good sales argument, viz., I was selling a permanent product." For even a shorter time he became an unwitting gangster in the Chicago underworld. A supposedly reputable oil man offered him a combination chauffeur-secretary job at good wages. Bob drove his boss to odd-looking places and sat in the car while "contracts" were being discussed in *sotto voce* tones. It took him ten days to catch on to the fact that he was working for a timid bootlegger who had hired him as a husky bodyguard. He resigned, quickly. And there was the time he went to work as a "human mule" in a Chicago sewer tunnel operation, a first step in the aristocracy of the sand-hog.

One summer he worked as a cowboy (he had never been West of the Mississippi) on a dude ranch in Montana. "My boss simply hated the guests. He charged them \$30 a day, rang ranch bells at four in the morning, starved them at the table, and insulted them to their faces. Finally he got rid of all of them, and the rest of the summer we had a wonderful time. I never realized before what prices rich people will pay for nothing." Once when he was down to his last thin dime, he became a photographic model in New York. He posed for cigarette ads, alcohol rubs, and threatened young womanhood in a series of illustrations for a confession magazine. He couldn't stand this for long, so when he met a convivial sea captain at a hilarious party in Greenwich Village, he decided to go to sea. The next morning he signed on with the black-gang of a freighter bound for the East Coast of Africa with a cargo of automobiles and dry-goods. His advice is, "Don't ever go to sea as a fireman."

When Uncle Sam tapped Bob for the Army, the Ryans gave up their house in Hollywood and moved into a small apartment. "I went through that physical like a cyclone," said Bob. "My wife secretly hoped there would be something wrong with me, but there wasn't even a vertebra out of place. We've been in show business ever since the day we met so what happens next week has never worried us. But she tells me she expects to be a camp follower, as long as I am in this country."

You see, Bob is the type who gets the girl. Off-screen as well as on. RKO should be so slow.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Winged Victory

Continued from page 45

formers. Those not needed are either in the downstairs lounge trying to read, or catch up on their letter writing, or are in theater seats playing helpful audience to their friends on stage. Since thirty-one of the female rôles are being played by soldiers' wives, that, as well as the strict military discipline in effect at all times, may account for the absence of boy-girl chatter, present at civilian rehearsals.

The Taylor lad isn't really as un-soldier-like as he sounds, because all the boys know that Moss Hart encourages light humor, if it brings out the relaxed performance he's looking for. *Pinky* was a difficult part to cast, anyway, as evidenced by no understudy having been appointed while rehearsals were still in progress. When Don arrived in New York, all the other major parts had already been filled, so he was fortunate that no one else had been found for the rôle of *Pinky*, which fits him like a glove, because *Pinky* is supposed to be a young flying cadet whose assumed bravado and cockiness can't hide his youthful fears and sensitive disposition. Twenty-two-year-old Don Taylor proves the talents he displayed in the tests and bits at M-G-M, where he was on the verge of a lead such as he wins here, in a scene which calls for the highest emotional understanding—where he, as *Pinky*, has been "washed out" (failed) in his studies as a pilot, and must become a gunner instead. The heartbreak he cannot hide will make up a scene in both the stage and film productions—here's hoping Don gets to play it in the movies—which every theater-goer will remember when the war is over and Don continues his still active M-G-M contract.

Since the scene we're watching will be repeated many times until it's perfect, let's wander down to the lounge and talk to some of the boys we know. Mmmmm... these leather chairs are a relief after those straight-backed theater seats, and sure enough, here's Private Lee Cobb. You know him, of course, for his unforgettable rôle as the Italian father in "Golden Boy." In fact, Lee's got another grand part in the current "Song of Bernadette," but he isn't at all self-conscious about admitting that his mature looks have relegated him to a comparatively minor rôle in this tremendous Army show. In fact, many of our movie lads have had to be satisfied with small parts here, because of the scarcity of major rôles in the production. Sitting over there on the couch is Private Dick Travis of Hollywood, whose wife Ann is in the show; Private Barry Nelson, who had just finished "A Guy Named Joe" before he donned khaki; and Private Harry Lewis, the Warners juvenile who's played love scenes with Alexis Smith, Joan Leslie, Susan Peters, and Louise Allbritton. That's Staff Sgt. Peter Lind Hayes. Can't you still remember his swell performance with Victor Mature in "Seven Days Leave?" Oh, oh—get a fast look at the dance routine going on in the corner. It's Private Ray McDonald practicing, and he wants to do a stage show with sister Grace, after the war's over.

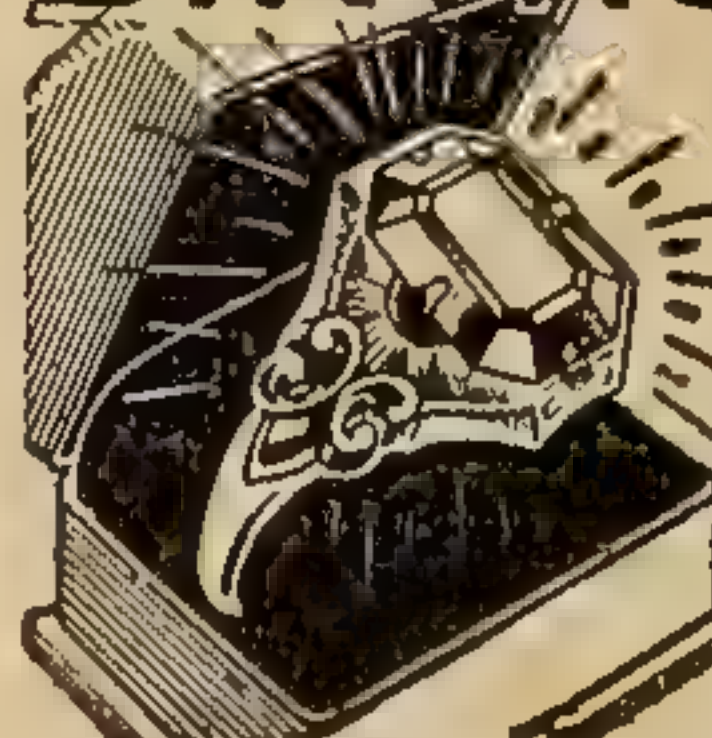
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From the picture "Is Everybody Happy?" which is making a big splurge right now, you'll recognize Private Michael Duane, who has a brief but important scene in this Army show with Lee Cobb. Mike's wife, one of the wives who is a real actress on her own, is in the play too, so that's why Mike says it's a bit of old-home week being in New York, where he had struggled for stage breaks before Hollywood and the Army snapped him up. Alan Baxter, Michele Morgan's husband, Bill Marshall, and Victor Young (*Charlie Chan's* number two movie son) need little re-introduction to SCREENLAND readers, while handsome Walter Reed, whose rôle in "Bombardier" had him among the top-flight romantic prospects before induction, is also having a big reunion with his wife and year-old baby.

And for Glenda Farrell fans, her son Tommy's here, while you must remember the Mauch twins — Billy and Bobby. They're 22 years old now, and it's much easier telling them apart, because Bob is a bit taller than Bill's five foot eight inches.

Since David Rose (Judy Garland's ex-husband) is elsewhere, writing original background music and an important original overture for the production, in which he's directing the pit orchestra, that leaves only two Hollywood personalities for us to meet.

Corporal Mark Daniels has the leading rôle in "Winged Victory," and his bride of a year is here too, although she has no acting ambitions herself and only accepted a part to be near Mark. Now that we're upstairs watching rehearsal again, notice Mark's concentration, as he plans the action to fit his lines. That's what he did in Hollywood, too. After the grand job he does here, he can probably write his own ticket when he returns to pictures. In talking to us, he is anxious not to be rated as strictly a handsome guy (although he is the handsomest soldier in sight, girls!). He wants the same thing that all serious-minded young actors today wish. In particular, he hopes some day to do "Night Must Fall." Being merely a personality player in pictures would never hold his interest. All he needed to crash the top flight at M-G-M was an opportunity such as service for his country has given him.

Sergeant George Reeves has something in common with Mark—he hates to be thought of as good-looking! That's why he's delighted about having broken his nose three times during three years of schooldays boxing (in which he says he was just a "palooka"), because it spoils the otherwise classic regularity of his features. George is still reaping acclaim for his rôle of *Lieutenant John Sumners* opposite Claudette Colbert in "So Proudly We Hail." But let George tell us himself what he enjoyed about this picture:

"What I liked about playing in it was that Miss Colbert and I didn't count as individuals—instead, we helped to build up a story that was more important than we were. There was a terrific social message in the thing, actually, and I'm proud that I had a chance to convey it to the public. The message was one of hope for the world in general because it dealt primarily with the goodness of people—little people, big people, all kinds of people—and the fact that they are able,

even under the foulest circumstances, to pick themselves up and keep punching."

This black-haired boy, with contrasting hazel eyes, is 29 years old, and has studied most earnestly at the Pasadena Playhouse. During the six years he spent there he met his Ellanora, whom he married five years ago. When he went into service she resumed her own acting career. To be with him she joined the feminine roster of "Winged Victory."

In the Army show, George plays a flying instructor with some good lines in the star party (a celebration pilots have before graduation), as well as another scene.

The story of "Winged Victory" is one that shows the effects of long-range planning, and proves the great personal sacrifice made by its creator, Moss Hart. He was actually writing another of those box-office successes he does so skilfully—such as the filmed versions of his collaborations with George Kaufman: "Once In A Lifetime," "You Can't Take It With You," and "The Man Who Came To Dinner," or his solo ventures, like "Lady In The Dark," which has just been released—so that he probably sacrificed an approximate personal profit of a half-million dollars to comply with General Henry H. Arnold's request that he write, direct, and produce "Winged Victory." Moss Hart made a tour of our nation's air bases for the purpose of collecting background material for the show. It has to be an accurate portrayal, you see, because a critical audience of two million soldiers in the Army Air Forces alone is waiting to set up a howl if everything is not exactly GI.

As we watch Moss Hart directing, it's a pleasure to notice his lack of temperament and his abundance of charm, courtesy, and consideration to everyone. Standing on the stage to coach Don Taylor, he doesn't get upset because Don hasn't interpreted the action properly. Realizing the lad's fresh eagerness, he



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merely remarks in conversational tones, "Don, I think this scene could be done differently. You come in now as though you're already aware of the three lines Ed's going to say. That shouldn't be. It doesn't set the mood. Just remember that you're not supposed to know you're going to hear bad news—try being breezy about it all when you enter."

Somebody else has omitted a line entirely, so Moss Hart raises his hand and interrupts gently, "Sorry, soldier, but there was another line in there that's pretty important. It goes like this (quoting it)." The soldier smiles gratefully, the cue is repeated and rehearsal proceeds smoothly.

He's a tall, thin, dynamic fellow, this Moss Hart, who doesn't miss a trick, as with perfect relaxation he sits quietly down front, with his eyes half-closed to get the right effect. In between smoking a pipe, he chews gum, his only sign of the tension which must go with putting on a spectacle like this. Other directors and producers fulfill all expectations of theatrical fireworks, but Hart contradicts every preconceived notion of what true genius either sounds or looks like. In other words, to quote the varying GI comments around him, he's "wonderful," "terrific," "a great guy," and our friend, George Reeves, seems to sum it all up beautifully with this comment: "The most stimulating thing about being here is watching Moss Hart work—in fact, you can put that down in spades! We all think he's the greatest living man in the theater and that the theater needs more men like him—certainly, Hollywood does!"

Sergeant Reeves chuckles over Moss Hart's tactful way of letting him know he couldn't have a part which calls for a Texan accent. After trying him out, Moss remarked, "Your accent is wonderful, George, but every once in a while I catch you at it!"

"There was nothing else to say after that," George grins.

It's really about time that **SCREENLAND** readers were told these things about Moss Hart, because after the stage tour is finished, "Winged Victory" will be filmed, and already the major studios have put in their bids for it. An interesting fact is that Moss Hart has had many previous offers to direct screenings of his plays, but turned them down—yet now he's almost eager to direct this one, because he knows that the cost of his screen services, as well as all stage and screen profits, are going to the benefit of **Army Emergency Relief**.

"Winged Victory" will interest a lot of movie fans who hitherto have known little or nothing about the inner workings of the **Army Air Forces**. It centers on a group of six boys who travel from their home towns to an air base and depicts the training which goes into making pilots of them. In fact, it takes the audience right to the actual combat scenes, giving personal glimpses of the boys, their failures and triumphs, and their feelings about it all. Naturally, their loves figure in the story, too, and since nine of the feminine rôles are quite important to the plot, it's certain to start another casting problem for whichever studio wins the film rights.

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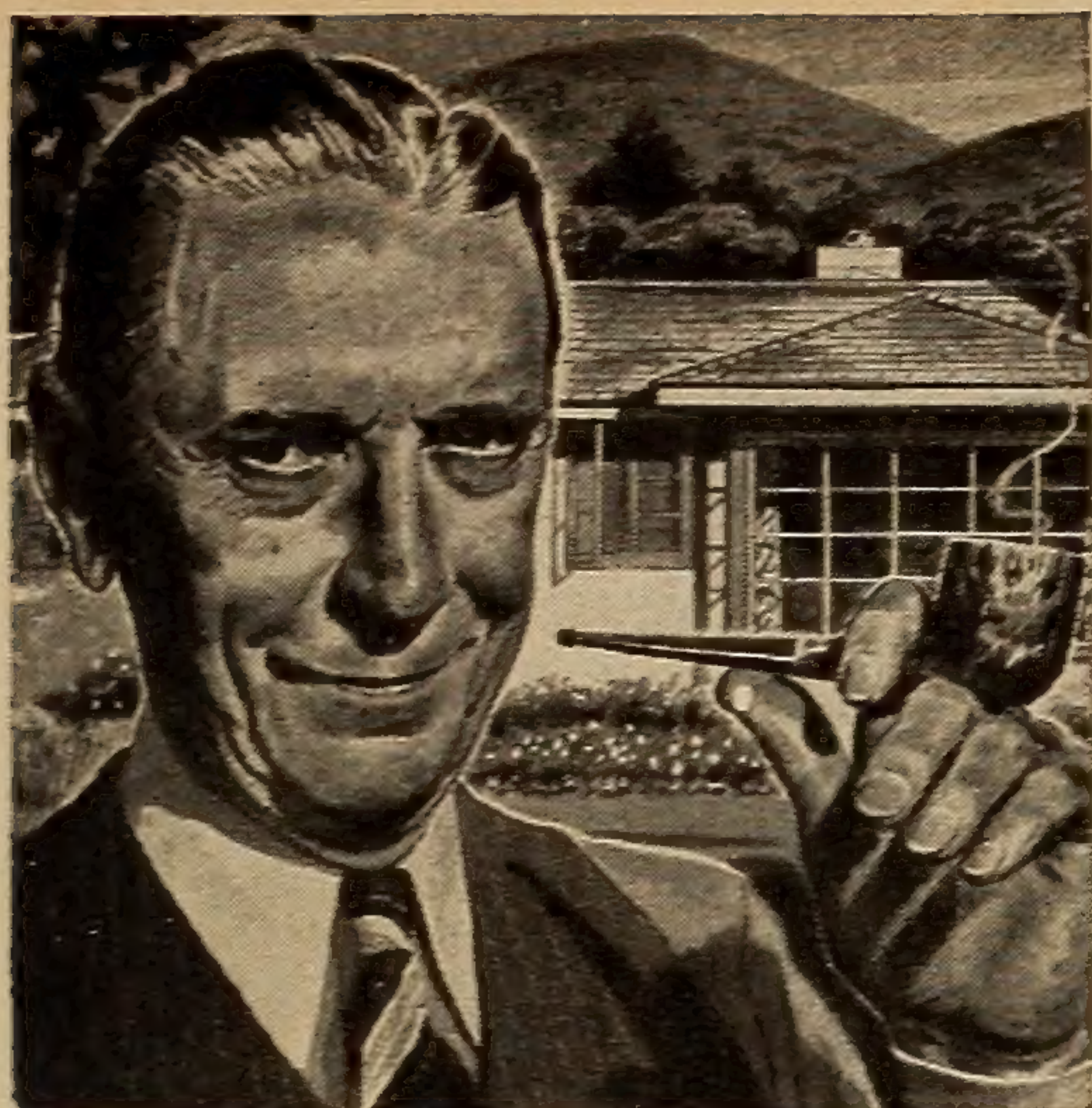
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Continued from page 16

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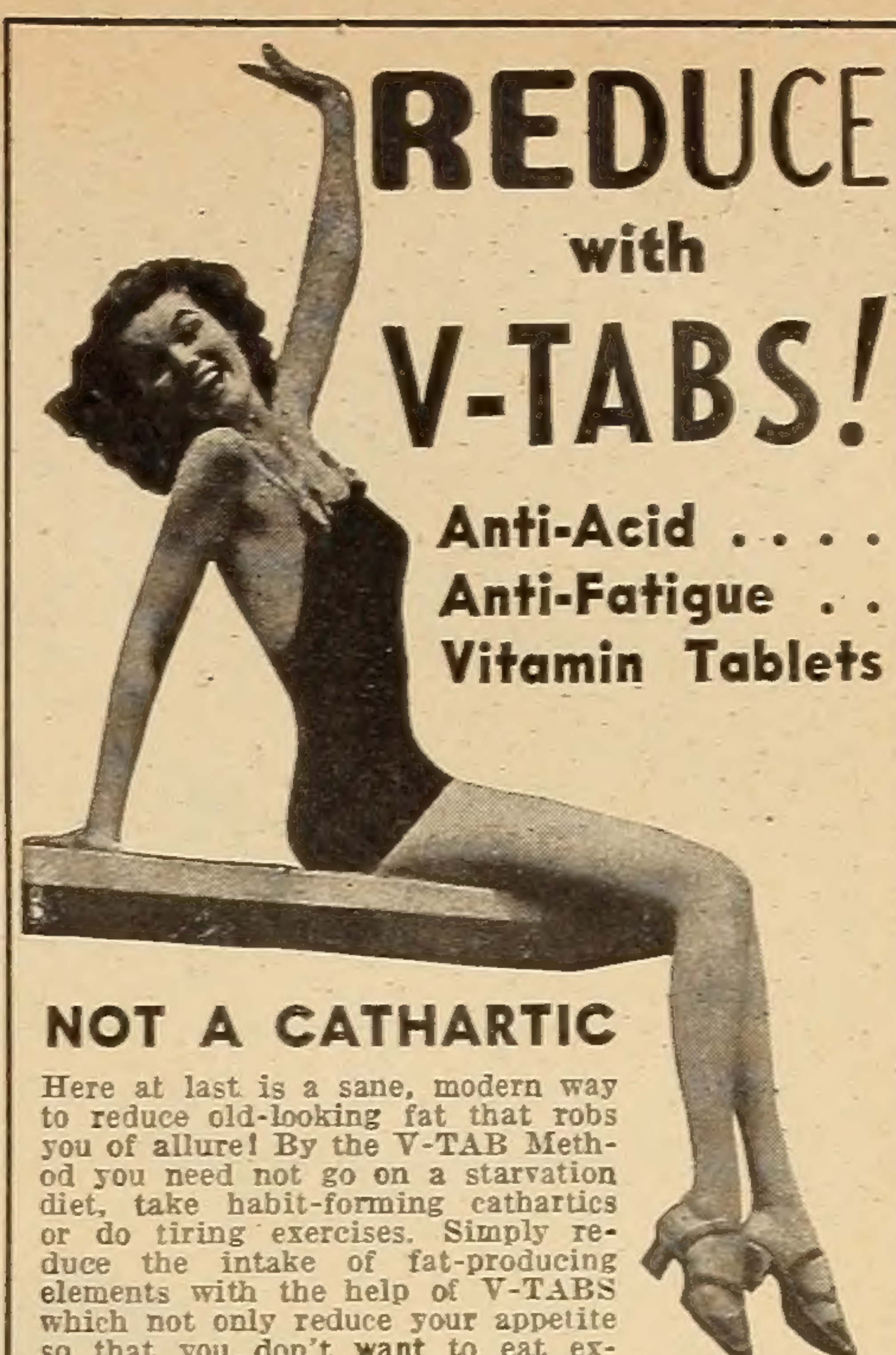
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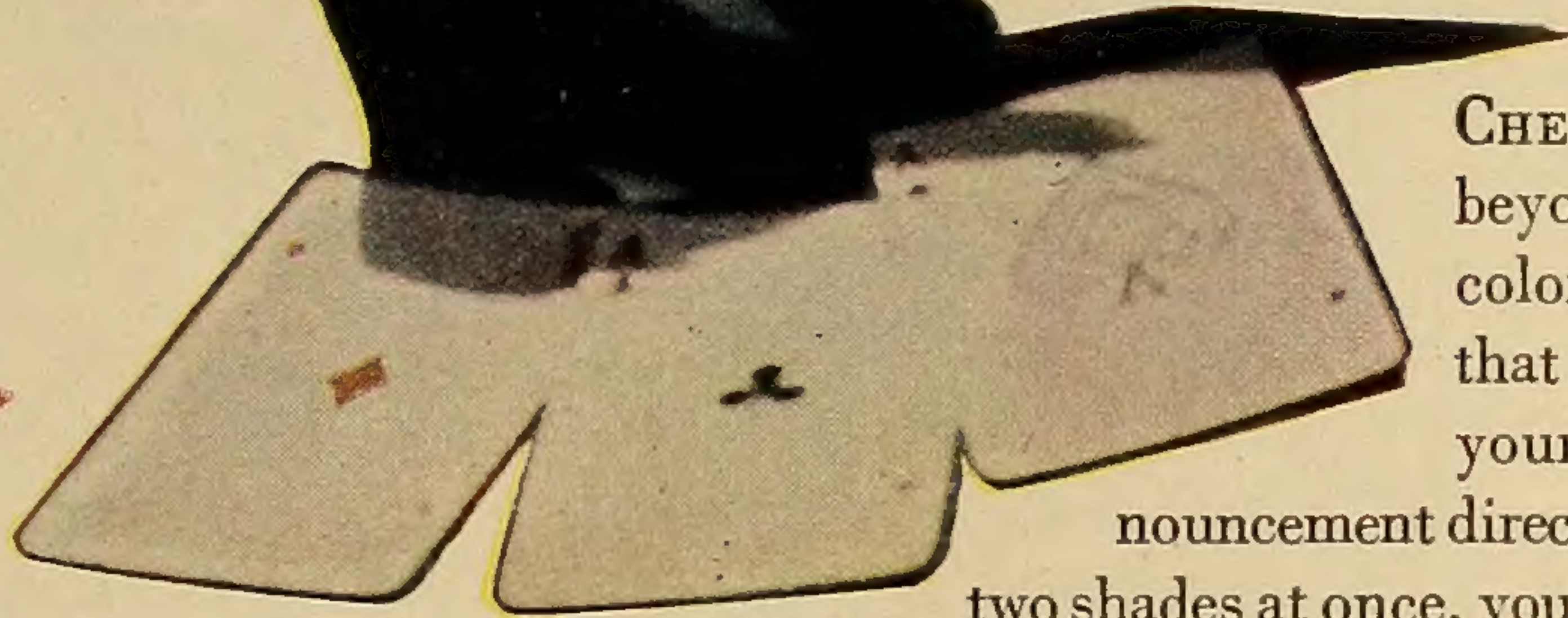
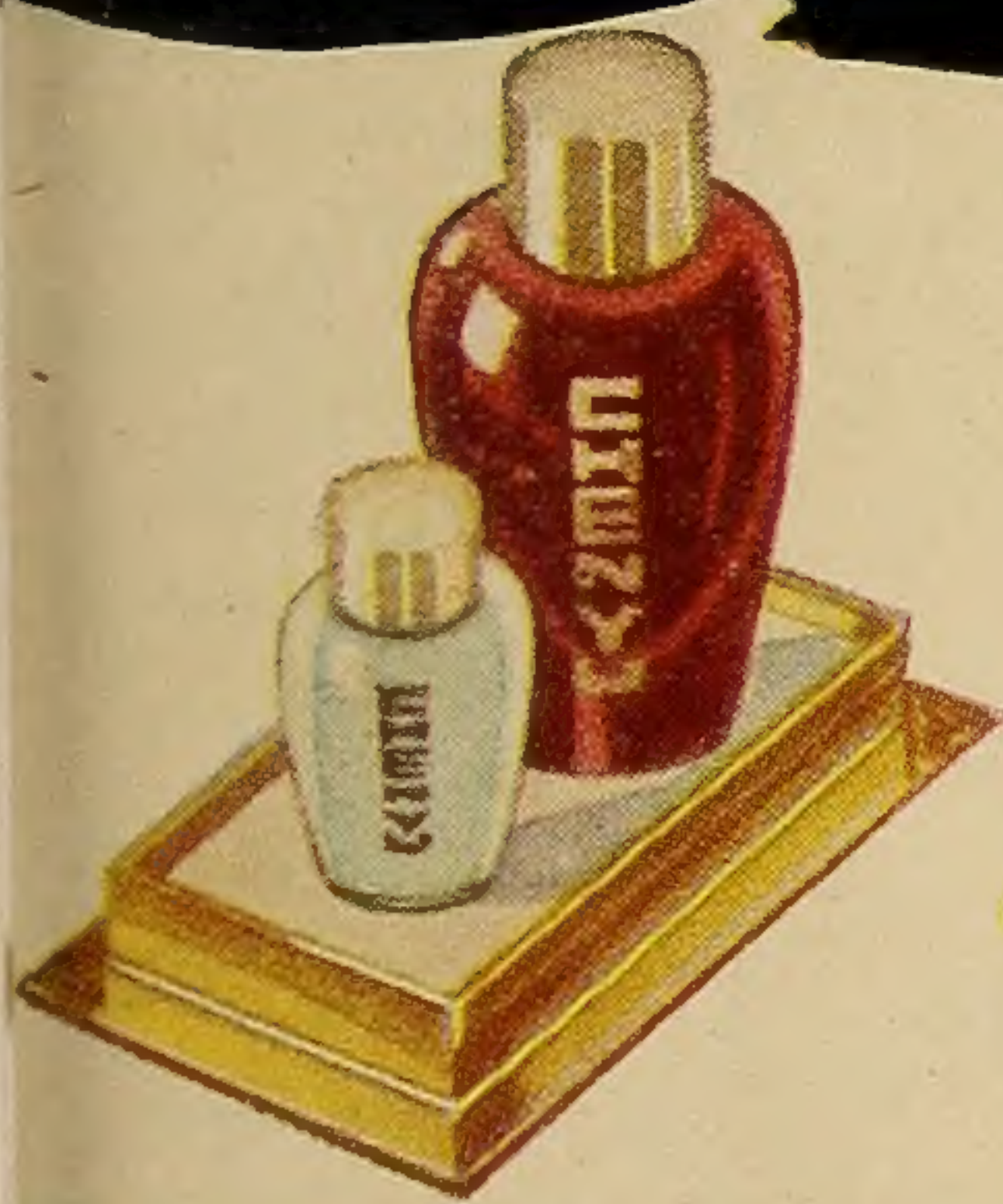
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| ☐ BLUE MOSS | ☐ BROWN CORAL | ☐ MANDARIN RED |
| ☐ WEEPING WILLOW | ☐ TEMPLE FIRE | ☐ HEAVENLY MAUVE |
| ☐ WISTARIA | ☐ DRAGON'S BLOOD | ☐ ROYAL PLUM |
| ☐ FLOWERING PLUM | ☐ BURMA RED | ☐ BLUE DRAGON |
| ☐ COOLIE | ☐ CANTON RED | ☐ BLACK LUSTER |
| | ☐ MING YELLOW | |

Name

Address

City State

A Beauty Revelation

What gives a woman's face magnetic charm? Something more than a nice skin and dramatic red lips. Arresting faces . . . *memorable* faces sparkle with life and expression! Here lovely eyes are the star performers, which means that pale-tipped lashes and skimpy eyebrows are definitely passé. The most expressive eyes are accented with subtlety and taste—a blessing made possible by soft Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Lashes look *naturally* long and lavish, darkened with Maybelline Mascara. Brows are gracefully tapered with the pointed, smooth-marking eyebrow pencil. There's luminous magic in a deft touch of exquisite eye shadow. If you have never tried world-famous Maybelline eye make-up, the difference will enchant you.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Maybelline
Cream Mascara
Black, Brown



Maybelline Cream
Mascara
Black, Brown



Maybelline
Eye Pencil . . .
Brown



Maybelline
Eye Shadow . . .
Brown, Blue,
Green, Violet